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THE ADVANCE ON CABUL.

IT seems to be generally assumed that no formidable resistance will be offered to the advance of General ROBERTS on Cabul. The Indian Government has not announced its further intentions; but the capital will perhaps be occupied during the winter. The political complications which must afterwards be encountered are not inconsiderable, but they have probably been diminished by the unexpected arrival of the AMEER in the English camp. It will now not be necessary to entertain or express any official doubt of his good faith towards the unfortunate Mission. The opponents of the policy of the Government have from the first contended, not without plausible reason, that the catastrophe at Cabul was a proof of the error which had been committed in concluding the Gundamuk Treaty. It was certain that the AMEER had been either unable or unwilling to protect Sir LOUIS CAVAGNARI and his companions; and his alliance was therefore, it was said, either fraudulent or worthless. But practical affairs and political necessities refuse to arrange themselves in an antithetic form. It may be desirable to use the AMEER as a friend and ally, although no implicit confidence may be reposed in his good will or in his power over his own subjects. In the war of last year, after SHERE ALI fled from Cabul, the Indian Government was embarrassed by the difficulty of finding an enemy with whom it might be possible to make peace. The accession of YAKOUB on his father's death in a great measure removed the difficulty. If the new AMEER was not so generally acknowledged by the Afghans as his father and grandfather had been, his title has apparently not been questioned by any pretender. The favourite son whom SHERE ALI had destined for the throne had died some months before. Russia had found it convenient to treat with SHERE ALI rather than to countenance the claims of ABDURRAHMAN, who could not on any theory be regarded as the heir of his successful competitor. The English army, though the real object of the campaign has not been changed, is now giving its aid to an actual ruler against enemies who may be properly considered as rebels. It is true that the precedent of Lord AUCKLAND's restoration of SHAH SOOJAH is not altogether favourable; but YAKOUB is not, as far as the facts of the case are at present known, a dethroned fugitive.

It is hardly possible that YAKOUB should not have numerous partisans. His position since the mutiny of the troops at Cabul has never been satisfactorily explained. While he was supposed to be besieged in his palace, he had no difficulty in sending frequent letters to the VICEROY or to the officers on the frontier. It is not known whether he and his escort met with opposition when they left Cabul, or when they directed their course to the English camp. One of the AMEER's attendants is the so-called Commander-in-Chief who was said to have been killed or dangerously wounded in an attempt to pacify the mutineers. By bringing with him his son, YAKOUB indicates the definitive and final character of the resolution which he has taken. He has satisfied himself that it is for his interest henceforth to rely on English protection; and he must be convinced that he will be supported by a powerful party among his own countrymen. Experience must show whether he still retains the ability and resolution which gained him distinction in early youth. He was then considered the most vigorous member of his

remarkable family. Among his brothers AYUB KHAN, who commands at Herat, holds the most important position. His complicity in the simultaneous mutinies at Herat and Cabul has been suspected; but, according to the latest accounts, he still professed to act as YAKOUB's lieutenant and representative. The regiments which mutinied are probably the only force which deserves the name of an Afghan army. The hill tribes which have already given trouble will repeat their attacks when opportunity occurs; but some of the chiefs have been subsidized, and the more turbulent part of the population will be held in check. The report that anarchy prevails in Cabul may probably be true. The rabble which joined in the attack on the Residency perhaps scarcely appreciates the impunity which it will derive from the impossibility of discovering the offenders. They have perhaps more reason to fear the resentment of the AMEER than the vengeance of the English.

There is reason to hope that the war may be easy and short. Its object, apart from the assertion of English power and determination, has perhaps been practically defined by the arrival of the AMEER. It will be a simpler process to establish his sovereignty than to look about for a rival candidate. In course of time he may possibly achieve comparative independence, and he would be more useful as a substantive ally than as a protected client. If Afghanistan were as productive as the Punjab or Scinde it might be desirable to annex the country; but the revenue would never cover the expense of protecting the country and keeping it in subjection. It will scarcely be prudent to establish a resident Mission in Cabul for the present. Violence and murder sometimes become the fashion, as when almost all the European sovereigns were lately attacked in the course of a few months by reckless assassins. If it should be thought desirable to replace the Mission, there will be no want of aspirants to an honourable and dangerous post. Some additional precautions might be taken, as by increasing the strength of the escort, and by occupying a more defensible building; but the Indian Government would not be justified in giving fresh hostages to the populace at Cabul, merely for the sake of maintaining its own consistency. Before the last war no demand had been made for the acceptance of a permanent Mission at Cabul, although the measure was thought to be theoretically expedient. Its function was both to secure full and trustworthy information, and to keep a watch on the foreign policy of the Afghan Government; but it is doubtful whether native agents, who have never been molested, have not greater facilities for observing the progress of events. SHERE ALI was sometimes in the habit of talking freely to the VICEROY's agent, although he knew that his communications would be immediately reported to Simla or Calcutta.

It is not surprising that writers and speakers hostile to the Government are eager to profit by the occasion of the renewal of the war. There is happily no difference of opinion as to the necessity of marching to Cabul, except indeed among a few obscure agitators who talk of referring the quarrel to arbitration. One indignant disputant asserts that he could have predicted with absolute certainty that Major CAVAGNARI and his companions would perish precisely as they have done. To retrospective prophets it is demonstrable that the Mission must have been lodged in a building not calculated for defence, and that the troops which were not con-

cerned in the attack should have taken no part against the matineers. Better known and more responsible politicians have been equally violent in their language; but impartial students of contemporary history never resort, except under compulsion, to the theory that a Government and its advisers are utterly infatuated. That the Treaty of Gundamuk was violated, not by the AMEER, but by a portion of his subjects, is not a conclusive proof that its provisions may not have been judicious. If the present campaign is successfully accomplished, a strong and wholesome impression will have been produced in the minds, not only of the Afghans, but of neighbouring populations; yet it must be admitted that the additional burden which will have been imposed on the Indian revenue is a serious evil. One of the dangers which have most commonly been apprehended has not been practically incurred. The occasional opposition which has been offered has not been traced to religious fanaticism. Perhaps the internal discord between the two great Mahomedan sects may in some degree account for the acquiescence of both in the presence of the infidel. The threats with which the Russian newspapers were filled immediately after the Cabul outbreak have subsided for the time. It would be absurd to maintain that any new provocation has been offered to Russia since the conclusion of the Treaty of Gundamuk. On the other hand, there is no evidence of the complicity of Russian agents in the military revolt, and if any suspicion of the kind were entertained, there would be little advantage in public remonstrance. Until the policy of the Indian and Imperial Governments is disclosed, it seems premature to denounce it.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT AT SOUTHPORT.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT has gone to Southport to honour and encourage with his presence and his oratory the opening of a new Liberal Club. Had he not gone it is probable that the existence of a new Liberal Club at Southport would have remained unsuspected by most Englishmen. But Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has made the opening of this humble institution the occasion of putting into a compact, popular, and amusing form the whole volume of criticism which the Opposition can bring to bear on the Government; and a Club which has served this purpose cannot be said to have been founded in vain. Their distinguished visitor began by informing his hearers what are the ends which a Club such as that which has been founded at Southport is intended to serve. In the first place, the Club is designed to maintain the traditions of the Liberal party; and, if this purpose may be considered as rather vague, the second object of such an institution is at once more definite and is capable of being immediately and practically fulfilled. When a Conservative Government is in office a Liberal Club is not merely a focus of sound Whig tradition, but a centre of animated criticism. It can help in the great task of denouncing and attacking the Government. If government by parties is to exist, the instruments of party warfare must be employed, and in point of fact each party does criticise its opponent with all the energy and skill it can command. All that can be said is that to attain first-rate excellence in the art of party criticism is a very difficult feat. The speaker is under the disadvantage that he can scarcely hope to say anything new. The criticism that he makes has been made a hundred times before, and all the novelty he can give it is the novelty of unusual point, felicity, and concentration. Then, if he is very fair and guarded, he is sure to be thought tame, and is merely thanked by some local personage for his very excellent speech. If he is too vehement and virulent he does no harm to his opponents, for he is set down as a mere party ranter. In short, the criticism to be telling must be at once drastic and plausible. As a party critic Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is without a rival now that Lord BEACONSFIELD has retired into dignified seclusion. A reader of his speech at Southport may set out thinking that he knows beforehand all that a Liberal critic can say as to Turkey, Cyprus, Zululand, and Afghanistan, and yet he will find that under Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's treatment each of these somewhat dreary and very trite subjects becomes entertaining and almost true. While, again, no one could think the criticism tame, no one could say it was not plausible. If not altogether true it is very like the truth, and it may be possible even for those who

think that they in their turn could pick it to pieces to enjoy it as the work of an accomplished performer in a special line.

It has been said, but very erroneously said, that criticism can do a Ministry no serious harm. The Opposition, it is urged, must offer something definite and positive for which the nation may be induced to wish, and which, when it wishes for it, it will know it can only get by calling the Opposition into power. This is to confound what has happened sometimes with what must happen always. Those who think that criticism is powerless appear to have entirely forgotten the history of the fall of the GLADSTONE Ministry. Its fall was in a large measure prepared by the scathing criticism of Mr. DISRAELI. His criticism was not perhaps quite so plausible as that of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT; but it was even more pointed and effective. He, so to speak, prodded the GLADSTONE Ministry all over with his stings until there was scarcely a spot on its surface that was not sore. The political programme that he offered to the country was negative, not positive. He offered it a rest from mischievous activity, and a cessation from vexatious blunders. The electors accepted the offer, and threw themselves into the arms of the heralds of repose and caution. What Mr. DISRAELI offered then Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT offers now. Would they like a new rest from mischievous activity, and a new cessation from vexatious blunders? Then let them come to him and sit at his feet, like the docile Liberals of Southport. The electors may very possibly decline the invitation. They may think that the Ministry has not been very active, or that its activity has not been mischievous. They may forgive its blunders or ignore them. They may see success where Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT sees failure. But, so far as the criticism is accepted, it can scarcely be inoperative. If the nation could be made to believe that the Ministry never seriously checked the power of Russia, that it is wasting the energy and influence of England in trying to prop up a rotten State that cannot be propped up, that it has been wantonly forcing the Indian Government into a position which it is equally difficult to maintain and to abandon, and that by an unsound system of finance it has been plunging England into the difficulties of unascertained liabilities for which no provision has been made, the Opposition might be brought into power merely to put a stop to such things. When Mr. DISRAELI, before his electioneering triumphs of 1874, was asked what his policy would be if he came into office, he very wisely answered that he could not say what his policy would be until he had ransacked the pigeon-holes of his predecessors. He must know how far his blundering antagonists had committed the nation before he could say how far he could pretend to retrieve their mistakes. His admirers listened to him and were satisfied. They wanted him in office, not in the hope that he could set everything to rights, but in the confidence that he would do what was best under the circumstances, and would avoid new mistakes of the same kind. In the same way, the retort that the Opposition would have to take up the situation created for them by the Ministry falls flat on minds impressed by Opposition criticism. They know that England cannot at once, or perhaps ever, be provided with a means of altogether escaping from a dangerous position which she has once accepted; but they may say that at any rate something may be done to lessen the evil of existing entanglements, and very much may be done to prevent the creation of such entanglements for the future.

It is the business of a party critic to damage his opponents, and he succeeds best if he shows that he knows how to set about damaging them. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's criticism does not rest on the air. It has as its support two indisputable facts—the fact that the precise danger said to be incurred by the policy of forcing a resident Mission on Afghanistan has been realized, and that during the twelvemonth that has elapsed since the Treaty of Berlin was proclaimed as the precursor of Turkish reforms, the Porte has been steadily walking in the very worst of its old bad ways. Much might be said, no doubt, to explain these facts, to minimize their importance, or to disconnect them from the policy of the Ministry. But still these facts remain, and a critic who rests on them has certainly something to go upon. It is easy to rake up incautious utterances of this or that Minister, and to show that what it was confidently announced would not happen has

happened, and that blazing prophecies of success have been belied by the event. The induction that Ministers who have been mistaken are incompetent is easy to add, and is exactly the kind of induction that Mr. DISRAELI successfully endeavoured to impress on the popular mind when he saw a chance of turning out Mr. GLADSTONE. And for the purposes of party warfare, when once a general impression has been produced that a Ministry is on the whole misguided and incompetent, it is easy to make everything in harmony with this leading idea. The Conservatives have done very little in the way of legislation during their long tenure of office and with their overwhelming majority in both Houses. Then, again, they have had the lead of the Commons, while Session after Session has been wasted by obstruction. It may be their fault, or only their misfortune, but their own special Parliament has been a singularly ineffectual Parliament. This is a tempting theme to an Opposition critic. An ineffectual Parliament led by a misguided and incompetent Ministry—this may not be a true, but still it is a plausible, account of the spectacle presented to the nation. The first thing that suggests itself when a Liberal begins to criticize the Government is to ask him what are the measures for which the nation is ready, and which the present Ministry declines to give it; and the second is to ask how a Liberal Ministry could overcome Irish obstruction better than a Conservative Ministry can overcome it. But well directed general criticism, delivered at the right moment and in the right way, may succeed in disarming persons who wish to put such questions, just as Mr. DISRAELI's criticism disarmed persons who were inclined to ask Conservatives which of the mad measures of Mr. GLADSTONE they hoped to undo, and how they hoped to manage the House of Commons with the balance of speaking power so unquestionably on the other side. First to get rid of the existing Ministry, and then to see what will happen, is the mood into which Opposition critics wish to bring the minds of electors when a general election is anticipated, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's speech at Southport may be justly described as a skilful effort to bring about this state of temper in the constituencies.

THE ZULU SETTLEMENT.

THE colonists in South Africa may perhaps have some excuse for their disapproval of the new settlement of Zululand; but they may console themselves by the probable expectation that the arrangement will be only temporary. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY's business was to finish the war as soon as possible; and he could only hope to effect his object by satisfying the native chiefs. Several of their number, including a brother of CETEWAYO, prefer small districts held in sovereignty by themselves to the patriotic gratification of belonging to a powerful nation. One of the proposed rulers of provinces declined Sir GARNET WOLSELEY's offer on the ground that he preferred to become a subject of OHAM. As far as the Zulu people have a wish or opinion independently of their chiefs, they probably care more for the undisturbed occupation of their lands than for any political system. The dissatisfaction of the colonists principally arises from the prohibition of settlement by Europeans within the limits of Zululand. It might have been thought that the few settlers who are scattered over the vast extent of territory would be content with the lands which they may occupy at pleasure. It is also highly probable that the exclusion will not be perpetual. The Zulus, although their military system is broken up, are brave, warlike, and uncivilized. Sooner or later they will probably encroach on the territory of their neighbours, with the result which generally follows collisions between native tribes and white settlers. In Natal large numbers of their kindred contrive to live on friendly terms with the colonists, and during the late war they showed no sympathy with the cause of CETEWAYO. In course of time the English Residents will probably become rulers of the country; and it may perhaps be thought desirable to substitute the jurisdiction of English magistrates for the authority of the chiefs. Even if Sir GARNET WOLSELEY had desired to accelerate the process of reducing the Zulus under civilized administration, he was probably not a free agent. His instructions must have been consistent with the assurances given by the Ministers to Parliament that no new territory should be annexed. Further experience

must determine whether a dependency shall be hereafter converted into a possession.

The first difficulty to be encountered will probably arise from the conflicting pretensions of the Zulus and the Boers to the disputed territory on the Eastern border of the Transvaal. The claims of the two parties were referred to the Government of Natal while the Transvaal was still independent. After the annexation an award was made in favour of CETEWAYO, who naturally supposed that he and his subjects were to have a beneficial interest in the land as well as a barren and illusory right of sovereignty. Sir BARTLE FREER, who strongly sympathizes with the Boers, had discovered a distinction between political rights and titles to land. He accordingly so far modified the award as to maintain the rights of Dutch settlers to lands which they had occupied in the debatable ground, while he recognized the sovereignty of CETEWAYO over the whole territory. Even if the political question had been important, it was certain that no Dutch farmer would pay allegiance to a native ruler. The Zulus accordingly were disappointed by the effect of the award, and their discontent explained and justified an alteration of the friendly feeling which CETEWAYO had previously shown to the English. It is not known whether the subject-matter of the award is included in the territory which has now been subjected to partition. Perhaps Sir GARNET WOLSELEY may have reserved the final disposal of the disputed lands to be an instrument of negotiation with the inhabitants of the Transvaal. Sir BARTLE FREER's interpretation of the award was more than doubtful; but it may be plausibly contended that all Zululand belongs to the English Government by right of conquest, and that the retention or alienation of a small portion of territory is legally justifiable. International law is elastic in Europe, and perhaps more elastic in Asia; and in dealing with African tribes it may be expected to be still less rigid or untractable. If the malcontents of the Transvaal are open to a bargain, it will be convenient to have something to offer them in exchange for their acquiescence in annexation.

The most embarrassing question with which Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has to deal relates, not to the Zulus, but to the Dutch inhabitants of the Transvaal. It is not certain whether Lord CHELMSFORD's victory over CETEWAYO will increase or diminish the resistance of the Boers to the authority of the English Government. Some of their leaders, when the result of the campaign seemed doubtful, were said to meditate alliance with their own inveterate enemy because he was engaged in war with England. On more than one occasion armed gatherings were held for the apparent purpose of insurrection; and one considerable force began a march towards the capital of the province. As it approached Pretoria its numbers gradually dwindled, until the promoters of the enterprise found it prudent to abandon their designs. Now that CETEWAYO no longer creates a diversion, it may be hoped that there is no further danger of an appeal to force. On the other hand it may perhaps be thought that the protection of England has become less indispensable since the most formidable native power has been destroyed. The Boers may perhaps deem themselves a match for SECOCOENI, although they incurred serious disaster in a former conflict with his forces. Like other communities, they are likely to remember their triumphs more vividly than their defeats. In a former generation they defeated the founder of the Zulu army without the aid of regular troops. Their failure in the war with SECOCOENI probably admits of explanation or excuse. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY will repeat the declaration of Sir BARTLE FREER that the restoration of the independence of the Transvaal is no longer possible. He may perhaps succeed in conciliating a part of the population; and in case of resistance he will be strong enough to overawe the remainder. The Boers will at the best scarcely be inclined to listen to schemes of South African federation. It is unfortunate that the annexation which might otherwise perhaps have been effected by agreement should have been hurried on with undue precipitancy.

The permanent disposal of the person of CETEWAYO may present some difficulty. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has announced that he is exiled for ever from his country; and the decision may perhaps have been dictated by political expediency, though scarcely by personal justice. The King of the Zulus was not an ordinary ruler; and he must still have many adherents among his former subjects. He

could scarcely live in Zululand as a private man, or even as one among several petty chiefs. It is better to provide him with lodgings at Cape Town than to recommence the war. It is unfortunately to be expected that he will be miserable in civilized and comfortable inaction. It would be difficult to convince him that by defending his country against unprovoked invasion he has justly incurred a sentence of perpetual imprisonment. He is not sufficiently acquainted with history to console himself by the precedents of English or French Pretenders who could not safely be admitted into the countries which their ancestors had ruled. It can only be asserted that CETEWAYO is entitled to the best treatment which is compatible with banishment from his own country. He has been the victim of Sir BARTLE FREERE'S doctrine of political expediency; which has, in fact, been in a certain sense justified by the result of the war. The Zulu army constituted a serious danger, which no longer exists; and the gains of the war may perhaps have been worth the heavy loss and the great expense by which it was accompanied. The vigorous dynasty which in the last generation organized and constituted the Zulu nation might probably have founded an empire, if it had not encountered the superior force of civilization. The cruel punishments and other anomalies which excited the wrath of Sir BARTLE FREERE were much less unpalatable to savage warriors who were proud of the despotism which represented irresistible power. The extraordinary bravery which was repeatedly exhibited in the late war was produced or confirmed by rigid discipline. In his dealings with his English neighbours CETEWAYO was, for the most part, courteous and generous. Though he reasonably complained that converts ceased to be his subjects, he protected the missionaries during peace; and on the outbreak of war he sent them in safety out of his country. His only fault, as far as the English were concerned, was that he was formidable.

Although the war is over, many difficult questions remain for solution. In an able paper in the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. FROUDE proposes the federation of the Eastern part of the Cape Colony with Natal, the Transvaal, and Griqualand; and he even countenances an impracticable scheme of a representation of South Africa in the Imperial Parliament. Mr. FROUDE'S criticisms on the past and anticipations of the future are the reverse of cheerful. It is a relief to turn from such gloomy prognostics to Sir EVELYN WOOD'S soldierly and generous speech at the Fishmongers' Hall. It was not his business to engage in political controversy, but to refer to the military exploits in which he took a brilliant part. The calumnious newspaper Correspondents who praised Sir EVELYN WOOD for the purpose of depreciating Lord CHELMSFORD will perhaps have felt a touch of shame at the grateful eulogy pronounced on the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF by his principal lieutenant. It is the fortune of capable men to be well served by their subordinates and liberally trusted by their superiors. Sir EVELYN WOOD has found nothing but honesty among the colonists, skilful guidance and ample confidence on the part of Lord CHELMSFORD, and heroic devotion among officers and privates. His own merits will not be less fully remembered because he forgot himself in his anxiety to do justice to his comrades.

THE LEGITIMIST BANQUETS.

THE faithful subjects of HENRY V. have been celebrating his birthday by sundry dinners. Whether it be that Legitimists are few, or that, having compared the probable bill of fare with the certain payment for the ticket, they thought that loyalty might as well begin at home, the number of diners was not large. Those who guide the Legitimist policy are apparently troubled with a belief that it is again time to bring themselves before the public. It is six years since their party has been at all prominent in French politics; for in the adventure of the 16th of May the honours, such as they were, were divided between the Orleanists and the Bonapartists. The Count of CHAMBORD is an unfortunate chief at a juncture of this kind. He can never be got to do anything except on the rare occasions when he does mischief. As a rule, he waits contentedly to see what Providence has in store for him; and to those of his followers who have convinced themselves that Providence only helps those who help

themselves this is an exceedingly irritating attitude. It is fair to the Count of CHAMBORD to say that no two persons seem yet to have agreed what it is that he ought to do; but uncertainty upon this point is quite compatible with a conviction that this is a world in which those who do nothing for themselves get nothing done for them. A dinner is the safest expression that can be provided for emotions of this kind. There is a semblance of activity about it which cheers the fainting spirit; and, when men have well drunk, they are disposed to make heroic resolutions which give a harmless glow to the second and cooler thoughts of the following morning. As each looks down the long array of guests like-minded with himself, he forgets how small a proportion they bear to the indifferent world outside. So much valiant enthusiasm cannot, it seems, be destined to die out and leave the world no more loyal than it found it. By the time it is discovered that the only result remaining is a receipted tavern bill, some newer excitement will have presented itself, or, at the worst, another dinner will be in prospect.

The Legitimists may thank a partisan of the younger branch of the Royal House that these gatherings have been invested with the dignity of an historical event. The dinner at Chambord was made unexpectedly conspicuous by the absence of M. HERVÉ. This eminent Orleanist editor was invited to show how harmonious the Royalists are; and he has thought the opportunity an appropriate one for demonstrating with cruel logic that the two sections of the party have nothing whatever in common. This circumstance undoubtedly gives the 29th of September, 1879, an importance of its own. The fusion about which so much was once said and written has run its course. Politicians who had nothing to link them together have played at being united until the essential divergence of their views has become too marked for further concealment. M. HERVÉ says very truly that to attend a political dinner is to do a political act. His presence at Chambord would have been a proclamation to all the world that the Orleanists and the Legitimists are still sufficiently agreed to work together in the same field and for the same end. In so far as M. HERVÉ'S acceptance of the Legitimist invitation would have implied this, it would have implied what is not true. There has been no communication between the two sections of the Royalists previously to the banquets which it was sought to represent as the expression of their common views; and the reason why there has been no communication is that no agreement is possible. M. HERVÉ goes further than this. He declares in effect that no real agreement between the Legitimists and the Orleanists ever has existed. At least he says that for several years, and, above all, since the failure of the attempt of the 16th of May, the several groups of the Conservative party have been hopelessly at odds. Considering when the reconciliation between the Count of CHAMBORD and the Count of PARIS took place, this is tantamount to saying that the fusion was stillborn, or at most only lived from the 24th of May, 1873, to the 31st of October in the same year. During that short interval M. HERVÉ was hopeful, and perhaps not without some reason. The incident of the Flag undecieved him, and when he was once more called to take part in a Royalist enterprise, it was with very different feelings that he consented. We defended, he says, the 24th of May with confidence, and the 16th of May with sadness. When defeat came we were accused of desertion, almost of treason, because we refused to continue a struggle which could not have been continued legally, and which it would have been alike dangerous and culpable to continue illegally. This time M. HERVÉ was resolved that there should be no misunderstanding. His refusal to dine with the Legitimists was designed to make it clear to them that the Orleanists do not intend to be drawn against their will into a new campaign which could only end in a new and more irreparable disaster.

This plain announcement that the Orleanists will no longer act in concert with the Legitimists is significant and important. If there had been any hopes of a successful Royalist effort before M. HERVÉ'S article was written, they would be put an end to by its appearance. An enterprise already desperate can scarcely be rendered more so; but if any additional shade of hopelessness can be given to the prospects of a Legitimist restoration, it has been given by M. HERVÉ. The partisans of

the Count of CHAMBORED have been openly told that they are impracticable, and no worse condemnation can be passed on a political organization. If France could ever have reconciled herself to the spectacle of HENRY V. on the throne, it would have been because she had satisfied herself that the Monarchy would give her the peace and security which she had not found under the Republic. Outside the narrow circle of the pure Legitimists there is no one who cares for a restoration for restoration's sake—no one, that is, who would rather be ill governed by a King than well governed by a President. It is conceivable that under different circumstances a considerable number of Frenchmen might have been induced to accept a constitutional Monarchy as a safer and more Conservative Republic. Had the Count of CHAMBORED made it plain that he regarded himself as merely the titular claimant of the throne, and that, if he ever mounted it, his conduct in his new position would be guided by the Count of PARIS, such a feeling might by degrees have gathered strength. But after 1873 no hope could be entertained that the Count regarded himself or wished to be regarded by his adherents as a sovereign of the constitutional type. He behaved civilly to the Count of PARIS, but he never affected to treat his visit as anything less than an act of submission. The grandson of LOUIS PHILIPPE did penance in his own person for the sins of his family, and the chief of the House of France was not extreme to mark what the returning sinners had done amiss. Consequently the reconciliation of the elder and younger branches of the BOURBONS really did nothing to further the chances of a restoration. The Orleanists were simply merged in the Legitimists, and when the operation was accomplished, the Legitimists proved to be altogether unchanged by this accession to their ranks. What they had been before the fusion that they remained after the fusion. The Orleanists, however, found themselves in a very different position. They had made a real sacrifice. They had abandoned their own special ground, in the hope that the new ground upon which the united Royalists would in future take their stand would be of substantially the same kind. Instead of this, they found that they were held alike by allies and by opponents to have given up all that they hitherto contended for—all, in fact, that distinguished constitutional and popular Monarchy from the Monarchy which the Revolution had overthrown. It would have been well if, immediately on making this discovery, they had said what in the person of M. HERVÉ they have said now. Two cannot walk together—even if they be two branches of the same Royal House—unless they be agreed, and between the Count of CHAMBORED and the Count of PARIS there are no materials for agreement. Unfortunately for the Orleanist party, they allowed themselves to be drawn into the enterprise of the 16th of May. Probably at the beginning they did not intend to go the lengths which they ultimately went. But the agreement which, as M. HERVÉ justly says, is a condition precedent of all useful political co-operation, was as much wanting then as it is now, and by omitting to recognize its absence the Orleanists burdened themselves with an amount of constitutional discredit which they may find it hard to get rid of now that their association with the Legitimists has come to an end.

COLONEL GORDON.

THE announcement of Colonel GORDON's intention to resign his post in Upper Egypt as soon as he has persuaded the King of ABYSSINIA to promise to be quiet for a time will be received in England with more regret than surprise. Colonel GORDON has carried on almost unaided a work of the most extreme difficulty for some time, and the moment must have come sooner or later when he would have to cease from his labours. Numerous as were the faults and misdeeds of the late KHEWIVE, it must be placed to his credit that he knew how to appreciate at his true value such a man as Colonel GORDON. Among all the foreigners whom the KHEWIVE attracted to his service, Colonel GORDON stood unrivalled for an entire absence of self-seeking. To do good and get nothing by it is with him more than a rule of life; it is a passion. He is the most adventurous of men, and yet the least like an adventurer. Having saved the Chinese Empire he was quite satisfied to spend

and be spent in the endeavour to rescue from anarchy the barbarous regions of the Upper Nile. The KHEWIVE did more than use Colonel GORDON; he absolutely trusted him. He did not send him to the Upper Nile as an eminent Pasha, acting under his orders, and carrying out his policy. He made over to Colonel GORDON his own power in full, and regarded him as an ally rather than a lieutenant. With means at his disposal that seemed ludicrously inadequate Colonel GORDON set himself to suppress the slave-trade which has for centuries desolated the regions over which he nominally presided, or which are contiguous to the territory under the shadowy authority of Egypt. He had to break the power and prohibit the gains of hundreds of the most brutal ruffians on earth, and to thwart the manoeuvres by which the humbler agents of the KHEWIVE were accustomed to foster a traffic by which they secretly profited. Whatever a man so placed could do, Colonel GORDON has done. He has not suppressed the slave-trade, but he has made it difficult and dangerous to pursue it. When he is gone it will inevitably revive; but he has made it possible to place some check on the extent to which its revival can be carried. It would, no doubt, resume its ancient proportions if the vigilance of England were relaxed. But fortunately the suppression of the slave-trade is the one object of our foreign policy as to which there exists no kind of difference, either in intention or zeal, whatever may be the party that is represented at the Foreign Office. England cannot do as much as she would wish to suppress the slave-trade, but she can do, and is always doing, something. In the present case she can, and undoubtedly will, prevent Colonel GORDON's work being utterly undone. The slave-dealers will have a much better time of it than if he were still there, but they will not have nearly as good a time as they would have had if he had never been there.

The late KHEWIVE added enormously to his equatorial possessions, partly by really occupying new territory, and still more by claiming it. His dream was to get down to the lakes and then to get hold of the entire seaboard, until he reached a point where a junction with the lakes was tolerably easy. The elaboration of this grand project brought him into difficulties of very various kinds. He had neither the men nor the money to make his sovereignty a reality; he locked up Abyssinia in a sort of Egyptian prison, and Abyssinia did not like being so locked up; and Turkey and England watched with some jealousy to see what he would do next. As Turkey had no means of controlling him except with the permission of England, the last of these difficulties was surmounted when he had conciliated England; and he secured the acquiescence of England by his undertaking to suppress the slave-trade. There is no reason to suppose that he had himself any distaste for the task he thus assumed. It was quite in accordance with his character to enjoy rather than dislike any easy mode of showing how readily he could assimilate the ideas of Western civilization. But his undertaking to aid in suppressing the slave-trade was not really optional, and his Southern empire could never have assumed the imperfect form it attained unless he had satisfied England that this empire, so far as it could be made to exist, would form a barrier to the slave-trade. The inadequacy of the means at his command to make his authority respected could not be really overcome. He was doing theoretically much more than he could do practically; but he could from time to time deal a heavy blow when disaffection was unusually menacing, and in a considerable part of the vast region he claimed his authority was undisputed, for the simple reason that no one on the spot knew anything about it. But the difficulty that he could not in any way surmount was that created by Abyssinia. He sent his troops to conquer Abyssinia; but his troops were invariably beaten. The Abyssinians naturally wish to get to the sea, and the KHEWIVE wished to keep them away from the sea and to isolate them as they had been isolated for centuries. Nothing but superior force could keep them from securing an outlet to the world, and it became gradually evident that the KHEWIVE had not any superior force to use for the purpose. Now that Egypt is weaker than ever, Abyssinia peremptorily asks for a port, and will no doubt get one. Colonel GORDON is commissioned to arrange terms of peace, and he will probably make no difficulty in ceding some portion of a strip of land which Egypt cannot defend, and could turn to no profit even if she could defend it.

In governing such portions of this remote Egypt as were more or less governed, in waging war to the death with the slave-dealers and thus carrying out the compact with England, in judging what Abyssinia must have and would have, Colonel GORDON has been not so much the KHEDIVÉ's right hand as another and a better Khedive. A noble work has been nobly done, and Colonel GORDON is going. But when he is gone, remote Egypt will still exist. Some kind of government will go on there, some efforts to suppress the slave-trade will be continued. But in remoter as in nearer Egypt European influence of some kind must prevail, and in remoter Egypt the only influence that can prevail is that of England. In the Egypt below the First Cataract, the Egypt of the Mediterranean, the Egypt of the bondholders and the law courts, the experiment of the joint protectorate of England and France, controlled by the continual criticism and occasional intervention of other Powers, may be tried on the plausible ground that, if this mode of managing Egyptian affairs is not very promising, no other is even possible. But in remoter Egypt, the Egypt where wild tribes have to be encountered, where the slave-trade is to be limited, if not suppressed, where the Red Sea and not the Mediterranean is the outlet of the country, England, so far as she acts at all, should act entirely alone. No other Power takes it to heart whether the slave-trade in the upper valley of the Nile is suppressed or not. No other Power has any definite interest in seeing that the highway of the Red Sea is not infested with robbers and pirates. We may add that no one except an Englishman would be in the least likely to be anything like a worthy successor of Colonel GORDON. If the best man that could be found were appointed to replace him, he could not be expected to do as well as Colonel GORDON, for Colonel GORDON is unique in his way. But in dealing with wild tribes, in making the lives of robbers and slave-dealers a burden to them, and in judging what parts of a territory can or cannot be held, there are Englishmen who have had an experience and have gained a reputation which able men of other nations have not had an opportunity of rivalling.

DEMOCRACY IN VICTORIA.

IT seems probable that the inhabitants of Victoria may soon relieve themselves from the misgovernment which has been imposed upon them by a majority of themselves, under the perverse and unnatural system of universal suffrage. Mr. BERRY and his supporters have within two or three years discharged with consistent fidelity the duty which, according to the legend, devolved in Lacedæmon on the drunken Helot. It has been their constant study to render unqualified democracy contemptible and odious. They have to the utmost of their power discouraged the accumulation of wealth; they have rendered articles of consumption unnecessarily dear; and they have from time to time threatened to dissolve their connexion with the Empire of which their colony forms an insignificant part. It is not a little remarkable that some of the most extravagant outbreaks of safe oratorical treason have proceeded from recent immigrants who ten or twelve years ago were apparently loyal and respectable Englishmen. To vulgar ambition prominence and notoriety in a small community is preferable to the obscure equality of ordinary English society. All the measures of Mr. BERRY's Government are applications of doctrines which in Europe have only been propounded as theories. The progressive land tax which is now about to be aggravated has often been proposed by extreme Republicans in France, where, as in Victoria, artisans employed in the manufacture of luxuries for the rich sometimes join in the clamour against their only possible customers. One of Mr. BERRY's colleagues lately sought popularity by boasting that his Government had its hands on the throat of capital. It seems that the working coachmakers of Melbourne have at last discovered that it is not for their interest to prevent their richer neighbours from keeping carriages. The jewellers and toy-makers of Paris have not yet arrived at a similar conclusion, because successive Governments have hitherto protected them against their own folly.

The economists of Victoria are dissatisfied with the results of Mr. BERRY's expedition to England at the expense of the colony. The mission was despatched for the ostensible purpose of obtaining the assent of the Imperial Go-

vernment to an organic change in the colonial Constitution. The Council was to be deprived of all substantial power; the Assembly was to acquire absolute control over revenue and expenditure; and the objectionable device of a popular vote was to impair and override the first principles of representative government. It is not known whether the delegates seriously believed that their proposals would be accepted. The intelligent and respectable part of the community assumed with good reason that no English Minister would listen for a moment to the revolutionary scheme of a plebiscite. The SECRETARY of STATE for the COLONIES had no difficulty in declining to impose on the colony one of the worst Constitutions which have been invented in modern times. If the educated and respectable inhabitants of the colony are ultimately unable to emancipate themselves from the blind and selfish despotism of the working class, the Imperial Government will not be able or willing to protect them; but in the meantime there is no reason why it should become the accomplice of their oppressors. The official answer to the representatives of the delegates amounted to a conventional recommendation of reasonable compromise. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH had probably no expectation that demagogues would relax an agitation on which their influence and personal importance depends; but it was his duty to convey to them in courteous language his refusal to give them aid in their attacks on property, liberty, and equitable administration. They may perhaps have been disappointed to find that they and their colony were not exclusive subjects of attention among English politicians. Even the most factious clubs forgot to welcome remote allies who had illustrated in practice the principles of universal suffrage and organized injustice. The Councils of the Trade-Unions were perhaps not aware that the Ministers of Victoria had their hands on the throat of capital; nor had they heard that one of the delegates had proposed the imposition of taxes on property, to be directly applied to payment of wages. The precedent of the Parisian National Workshops of 1848 is now followed at Melbourne. A part of the public revenue is spent in paying wages to workmen who are employed in useless labour by the Government, because its policy has crippled legitimate industry.

On his return to the colony Mr. BERRY has, in default of encouragement from the SECRETARY of STATE, proposed a Reform Bill even more monstrous than his former schemes. The Assembly is to have exclusive control of finance; and in legislation it is only to defer to the result of a plebiscite. The nominal maintenance of a Council might be thought superfluous; but Mr. BERRY perhaps foresees the possibility of a change of opinion in the Assembly, and he may think it possible to derive some kind of support from a docile Council. His Reform Bill includes the audacious project of a Council of nominees to be appointed for ten years by the present Ministry. The Fox and North India Bill, which by the indignation which it provoked excluded its promoters from power for more than forty years, was a comparatively modest contrivance for perpetuating the supremacy of a dominant party. Having brought the finances into confusion, Mr. BERRY and his colleagues propose to raise an additional revenue by an increase of the tax on large estates and by an augmentation of the protective tariff. The duties on imports are to be raised by amounts varying from 10 to 100 per cent.; and one of the Ministers, not perhaps more foolish or more unscrupulous than his colleagues, announced their determination to discourage importation by increased duties *ad valorem* of 60 per cent. The Minister of Lands, borrowing or anticipating the meddling theory of Mr. BOYD KINNEAR, has thought fit to impede the creation of mortgages on Government leases. The effect is of course to throw borrowers into the hands of usurers, and to discourage the issue of leases. Democratic policy, though it can scarcely be called Conservative, is even more inconsistent with Liberal principles. Victorian Legislatures, English Trade-Unions, and Continental Socialists, are heartily agreed on the theory that Government should interfere at every step with the disposal and management of private property. The axiom that general prosperity depends on the conduct by every man of his own business is as earnestly renounced by Mr. BERRY's followers as by the disciples of M. LOUIS BLANC.

It appears that the reduction to an absurdity of democratic theory and practice is provoking resistance even in

the Assembly of Victoria and among the constituencies. Farmers and tradesmen begin to object both to taxes imposed for the maintenance of idle workmen with votes, and to tribute paid, not even to the Government, but to a few local manufacturers. The exclusion of the independent and intelligent classes from political power must always have been felt by themselves as a hardship. The rest of the community perhaps begins to suspect that its interests are not most effectually promoted by the supremacy of turbulent adventurers. As there is no aristocracy in Victoria, it has been thought expedient to visit with political excommunication the better class of tradesmen and professional men. Two or three recent elections have shown that public opinion is beginning to revolt against the misgovernment of the present Ministers. Absolute power, nominally vested in the majority of the population, is practically wielded by demagogues, who fortunately become objects of envy to their own less successful rivals. Mr. PARNELL cannot attempt to force his own dictation on a Convention, or Mr. BERRY on a single and supreme Assembly, without giving offence to the equals whom he seeks to reduce to insignificance. The fall of the typical demagogue ROBESPIERRE was caused less immediately by his unprecedented crimes than by the selfish system which at last found vent in the murder of DANTON and his friends. The successors of the dictator had no intention of suppressing the guillotine when they consulted their own safety by the destruction of the tyrant. If Mr. BERRY falls a victim to the jealousy which he has provoked, his unpopularity may perhaps extend to the detestable policy of his Government. For Englishmen the main interest of the petty politics of Victoria consists in the illustration which is furnished of the operation of universal suffrage. The doctrines of Birmingham are the same which now prevail at Melbourne, though their real tendency is disguised as long as older and sounder institutions still regulate social and political life.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS.

THERE are so many inconveniences attending a change of name that it is not surprising that the Social Science Association should still be known by the strangely inappropriate title which was given to it by its founders. At all events, its retention serves the occasionally useful purpose of supplying successive Presidents of the Association with an opening for their address to the annual meeting. There is something fascinating in the effort to define what has hitherto proved undefinable; and though it has never entered into the heart of man to conceive what Social Science means, the calm despair which the contemplation of the problem might have been expected to evoke has not yet shown itself. Unfortunately, the subject-matter with which the Association deals can only be described by dropping the word "science" altogether, and that is too great a sacrifice to expect the members to make. Many of them would attend the annual meetings with far less pleasure if they had been convinced that there was nothing scientific about the so-called Congress except its title. But for this pardonable dislike to descend to a lower level of human endeavour, it might not be difficult to provide the Association with a fairly accurate, if not a very convenient, name. It is really a debating society, the characteristic of which is that the subjects debated all relate to the art of living together in communities. This is an art in which, with all their experience, mankind are as yet miserably unpractised. There is scarcely a town or a village in Europe in which the arrangements do not violate some requirement of health, or decency, or comfort; there is not a country in which the people are educated as they should be, or in which crime is repressed as it should be, or in which the inhabitants have the opportunities of enjoyment which it would be good for them to have, and which they easily might have. Anything that helps men to come nearer to the attainment of these ends falls fairly within the province of the Association. All the means which have from time to time been suggested to bring them nearer to it come up naturally for discussion at its meetings. Looked at in this light, the Association is no longer discredited by the many crotchets which see the light on these occasions. Proposals exceedingly absurd in themselves have sometimes been the forerunners of real improvements; and, so long as they are known to be nothing

more than suggestions thrown out in a discussion club, they are, at the worst, perfectly harmless. It is only when they arrogate to themselves the name of science that they become irritating, and consequently mischievous.

The Bishop of MANCHESTER's address on Wednesday was an excellent example of what the discourse of a President of the Social Science Association ought to be. It travelled over a great deal of ground, but it possessed, at the same time, a genuine unity of conception. All the subjects upon which the Bishop touched are linked together by their common relation to human life in great cities. The rural population of England is more and more migrating into the towns. In very few country parishes has there been any increase of population of late years; in the large proportion of cases there has been a marked decrease. What will be the condition of things if these huge urban communities, already so unwieldy and so unmanageable, become huger and more unwieldy and more unmanageable still? This is the question which has suggested the subject of the Bishop's address. There is no possibility of preventing towns from becoming larger. Even if the immigration from the country should cease, the change will be due to causes lying outside the sphere of Governments. But there is no need that as they become larger they should become more unmanageable. It is not proportionately more difficult to administer a large community than to administer a small one. The means of administration increase at least as rapidly as the community which has to be administered. Unfortunately, as yet increase in size has usually been attended by multiplication of all the evils which attend such increase, if no adequate effort is made to guard against them. The change which has come over the conditions of town life during the last half-century is largely responsible for this. Even where the wealthier classes form an important element of a community, the requirements of health are not always properly attended to. But in this case the omission is due to ignorance or obstinacy, not to the want of ability to attend to them. When the rich and the poor cease to live together in the same district, there is very great danger that a very unequal degree of municipal attention will be paid to their respective wants in such matters as house-building and drainage. The Bishop of MANCHESTER points out how much this inequality is promoted by the "fallacy of averages." The death-rate of Manchester and Salford is from 20 to 22 per thousand; and, judged by these figures, it is, comparatively speaking, a fairly healthy city. But this average tells nothing as to the worst extreme. The death-rate in some of the courts in Salford rises as high as 60 or 70 per thousand. Thus what the average proves may only be that the proportion of those well-to-do districts in which the death-rate does not exceed 10 or 12 per thousand has increased. It may tell nothing whatever of the wholesomeness or unwholesomeness of the districts where the death-rate permanently stands at a very high level. This is so plainly a faulty mode of estimating the healthiness of a great town that the practice of taking the average from the whole and so balancing the encouraging returns yielded by one district against the discouraging returns yielded by another cannot be too soon abandoned. The returns should always give, together with the average rate, the rate in the district where the mortality is least and in the district where it is greatest. In this way it would always be known how much work remained to be done, and of how much improvement the town, under favourable conditions, might be capable.

All questions of municipal administration resolve themselves ultimately into questions of municipal government. At present the growth of a town has for one of its results the emancipation of the population from any effectual municipal government whatever. Thus in Manchester the Corporation have made certain regulations relative to the building of houses, but outside the municipal boundaries these regulations have no force, and the consequence is that in what is really, though not technically, a part of the city all the houses have been erected "with a supreme contempt of the recognized conditions of a healthy life." By and by these districts will be brought under the jurisdiction of the Corporation of Manchester, and then it will be found so impossible to deal effectually with the houses without purchase, and so costly to purchase, that they will very possibly be let alone. If the owner had been compelled to build them properly in the first instance this dilemma would never have arisen. It is the less ex-

cusable that things should be left in this state because, since the passing of the Public Health Act, there has been no district in England without a sanitary authority of its own. Not one of the houses to which the Bishop of MANCHESTER refers has been built in a No man's Land. To cross the boundary of Manchester is to escape from the particular by-laws put out by the Corporation of Manchester. But it is not to escape from the jurisdiction of a sanitary authority. If there is no special body possessing that character, there is the Board of Guardians. The reason, therefore, why unwholesome houses continue to be built at great profit to the owner and afterwards pulled down at great cost to the public must be sought either in the supineness of the authorities or in the omission of the Legislature to arm them with the necessary powers. Here is a question which might very profitably be investigated by the Social Science Association in the interval between the present meeting and the next. It is admitted that in all parts of the country houses are being built which offend against some plain and perfectly well-understood rule, either of site or construction or of ventilation or drainage. There is no more reason why the owner of such houses should be allowed to sell or let them than there is why the owner of any other articles which have been adulterated in a way injurious to health should be allowed to sell them. Why is it that permission is given, or at all events taken, in the one case while it is not in the other? The fault must lie either in the law or in the authorities with whom it rests to put the law in operation. In the nature of things one alternative is as probable as the other. It is only by such slow degrees that we have learned to think public interests of more importance than private, that it may very well be that, however anxious the sanitary authorities may be to prevent the building of unwholesome houses, they have not the power to forbid it. It may very well be that, though the powers vested in the sanitary authorities may be quite adequate, the sanitary authorities resolutely refuse to make any use of them. It would be a step towards improvement if we knew precisely which of these explanations was the true one.

OUR NAVY.

THE Lords of the Admiralty have lately been enjoying that agreeable autumn tour which is dignified with the pompous name of the Inspection of Dockyards. No one can grudge them a little relaxation after their spring and summer labours, and they may well be allowed to take a pleasant yachting trip during which they can, with the smallest possible trouble, gain some elementary knowledge respecting shipbuilding and machinery. To suppose that the so-called inspection is anything more than a slightly formal holiday, in the course of which a good many highly interesting sights are seen, is to show a pleasant confidence in human nature. There is happily not the smallest reason for thinking that the national dockyards are otherwise than admirably managed, or that the country does not get a good return for the large sums of money which are spent in them; but it is certain that, if there were anything amiss, the Lords of the Admiralty would not discover it in their autumn inspection. The time when they will come is known long beforehand, every preparation is made to receive them, and sinning officials—should there chance to be any—must be foolish indeed if they allow any evidence of their misdeeds to appear. It may be considered tolerably certain that the Lords of the Admiralty will be satisfied that all is going on well. A master who is considerate enough to inform his men that at a certain hour he will go round the workshops will be little likely to find anything wrong.

The inspection, however, though in certain respects something of a farce, is valuable in one way, inasmuch as it calls attention to the state of the Navy and to the most recent advances in the art of constructing vessels of war. Their lordships have, of course, to see all the new ships which are being built and the old ones which are being altered in the dockyards, and the writers on naval subjects in the daily papers take the opportunity of publishing accounts—in some cases very full and clear accounts—of the latest achievements of the constructive staff. The taxpayer learns what he is getting for his money and how far the promises of the Navy Estimates have been kept;

and the inspection indirectly serves a good purpose, by causing Englishmen to be informed how the national defences are being maintained. Sometimes the tidings which are thus given are, when carefully examined, by no means comforting; sometimes they are on the whole reassuring. This year they seem happily to belong to the latter category. In the dockyards officially visited there was much to be seen which gave good evidence that the naval architects of the Admiralty have been neither remiss nor rash, that the constantly changing conditions of modern warfare have been well considered, and that great intelligence and great ingenuity in providing against various contingencies are shown in the designing of English warships.

At Chatham Dockyard, the first visited by the Lords Commissioners, the launch of a new vessel just preceded their inspection. The *Agamemnon*, which slid into the Medway on the 17th of last month, with the unfortunate result of drowning a luckless foreman who had taken a boat into a very dangerous position, shows, in every respect but one, the latest conclusions of English constructors as to the best kind of fighting-ship. She is of what is known as the citadel type, her central portion being protected by a huge thickness of iron and teak, while her ends are unarmoured. Along these large chambers filled with cork extend, and it is believed that, owing to this contrivance, the ends may be riddled with shot without the vessel being sunk. She has two revolving turrets in which she will carry four guns, the size of which is not yet definitively settled. The turrets are *en échelon*, so that the guns can be fired in any direction required, and it will therefore be impossible in action for an enemy to take up a position which will place the *Agamemnon* at a disadvantage. She is not, it should be observed, a large man-of-war according to modern ideas, being considerably smaller than the *Inflexible* and *Dreadnought*, somewhat smaller than the *Thunderer* and *Devastation*, and not half the size of the huge Italian ironclads which are to be built. But there can be no doubt that, for her size, she is as formidable a fighting ship as can now be constructed of iron, though perhaps destined to be surpassed by ships built of steel. Curiously enough, at the time she was launched two magnificent vessels were lying in the basin close to her, which represent the latest type of broadside cruising ironclad, as the *Agamemnon* represents the latest type of turret-ship. These are the *Nelson* and the *Northampton*, in each of which the armour is confined to a thick belt above the water-line, and to plating on the main deck and on the bulkheads. The batteries are comparatively unprotected. These vessels are to be fully rigged, and can carry a large amount of coal, so that they will be able to keep the sea for a considerable time; and they would probably, in the event of a war, be most efficient against an enemy who had to be attacked in distant oceans. Mr. BARNABY has pronounced them to be his ideal of cruising fighting-ships.

Besides seeing these two frigates and the *Agamemnon*, the Lords of the Admiralty had the opportunity of inspecting at Chatham several vessels which are in course of construction. At the time of their visit there were on the stocks an ironclad, a large and a small corvette, and that extraordinary "torpedo-ram," the *Polyphemus*, which, submerged for the most part, and showing above water only a curved upper deck like the back of a fish, is in action to be driven at furious speed against hostile ships, whose fire hitting her obliquely will, it is thought, do her little harm. Nothing but actual warfare can show whether this vessel is or is not formidable to ironclads; but undoubtedly great boldness and great skill have been shown in designing her; and as Chatham Dockyard contained at the time of the inspection vessels of types so different as the *Agamemnon*, the *Nelson*, and *Northampton*, and the *Polyphemus*, it must be said that very good evidence was given in it of the energy and activity of the naval architects who from Whitehall direct the construction of English men-of-war.

At Portsmouth, to which the Lords of the Admiralty next proceeded, they saw much that was calculated to cheer official eyes. It is true that there is not now at the dockyard anything like the activity which prevailed when the six millions were being expended; but the effort then made was altogether exceptional, and, considering that at the present moment war seems less probable than it has been for a considerable period, a fair amount of work is being done. Two great turret-ships, the *Devastation* and

the *Neptune*, are having certain improvements made in them. The *Inflexible* is being completed, and a new turret-ship of 9,150 tons, the *Colossus*, and two corvettes, are being built. The unceasing progress of naval architecture is proved by the fact that the *Colossus* will in one respect surpass the *Agamemnon*, inasmuch as she will be built of steel instead of iron. The construction of this ship in a new material, and the work which is being done to the others which have been mentioned, certainly show that the dockyard authorities are not idle; but it must be said that the names of two of the vessels in Portsmouth Dockyard suggest some unpleasant considerations. The *Inflexible* is not to be finished until early in the financial year 1880-81, and it appears that the number of men employed upon her is not so large as, according to the Navy Estimates, it should be. Now this vessel was begun in 1874, and therefore, when she is at last completed, between six and seven years will have been occupied in constructing her. This seems a very long time even for an ironclad of 11,500 tons. It is rather startling to reflect that the keel of the *Inflexible* was laid long before the Russo-Turkish war began, and that she is not nearly finished now; and it may be well to remember in future that several campaigns may be waged and finished before a vessel of this kind can be got ready. No doubt there have been some special reasons for this ship having been so long in the dockyard. The very unnecessary attention which was given to Mr. REED's preposterous criticisms on her design caused her construction to be suspended for a while; and after his asseverations had been shown to be wrong, there was a further delay, owing to the difficulty which the rulers in Whitehall had in determining what kind of armour plates should cover her turrets. Some good results have followed from this long consideration, as, owing to the inventive skill of Mr. BARNABY, a new kind of plate has been produced consisting of iron faced with steel, which has greater power of resisting shot than any other yet made. The *Inflexible*, therefore, will, when at last finished, be better protected than any other vessel afloat; but nevertheless the delay in completing her can hardly fail to produce a bad effect. If a war had broken out after the *Inflexible* had been some five years in hand, Englishmen would have learnt with no small anger that their greatest ironclad could do nothing because, owing to the desire of the authorities to make her perfect, she was unfortunately quite unfit to take part in naval warfare.

The *Inflexible*, however, when she is finished and has received the 80-ton guns which, it is said, can pierce the armour of any ship afloat or in course of construction, will be, if not perfect, at all events a magnificent ship. The same can hardly be said of another great ironclad, the *Neptune*, which for some time past has been undergoing in Portsmouth Dockyard improvements of the most elaborate kind. Two years ago this ship was bought from the Brazilian Government, for whom it had been built. She was then supposed to be completed, and, indeed, she figured in the naval review at Spithead last summer; but from time to time notices have appeared in the papers stating that various alterations in her have been found necessary. Even now it appears from the account in the *Times* that she is not finished, and probably when she is at last ready for sea the sum of 36,109*l.*, which was all that was allowed for her completion in the Naval Estimates, will have been largely exceeded. She will be but an unsatisfactory man-of-war even when all the improvements are effected, as she has not been cleverly planned, and has not the all-round fire of the *Inflexible* and the *Agamemnon*. Probably the Lords of the Admiralty found the inspection of this costly vessel the least pleasant part of their work, for they can hardly have failed to foresee that, as the writer in the *Times* hints, some active member of Parliament will make disagreeable inquiries respecting the total cost of the *Neptune*.

On the whole, however, their autumn tour must have been an agreeable one, and an account of what the dockyard authorities had to show them is not calculated to give rise to much unpleasant criticism. Besides the *Colossus*, the two corvettes above mentioned, which are of 2,300 tons each, are being constructed at Portsmouth, and the *Iris* and *Mercury*, despatch vessels of extraordinary speed, are being finished, while several smaller men-of-war are on the stocks. At Pembroke, which the Lords of the Admiralty are now about to visit, a considerable amount of work is being done, as two ironclads resembling the *Agamemnon* and a large number

of gunboats are being built. It appears, then, that there is considerable activity at the national dockyards, and it also appears from the improvements which have been made, and are being made, in fighting-ships, that there is no want of energy or enterprise in the constructive department of the Admiralty, and that there is never any hesitation in altering the type or construction of men-of-war, if it seems likely that they can be altered for the better.

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

THE Chairman of the London School Board has made his last dying speech. It is far, however, from being a confession of the crimes of which the Board stands accused. Sir CHARLES REED is, no doubt, a penitent Christian, but he is an impenitent educationist. He goes through the several charges of extravagance that have been made against the Board, and as to all of them he adduces facts which, in his opinion, completely disprove them. As to some of these charges Sir CHARLES REED has been entirely successful. It is impossible to maintain, for example, that there are more schools in London than are needed for the children of London. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON has declared in Parliament that, so far from the supply of schools being excessive, it is deficient, and he is certainly not likely to be prejudiced in favour of the "policy" of the Board. It is true, no doubt, that a general acquittal upon this head does not dispose of the charge that the Board has built more schools in particular localities than the wants of the locality justified. Sir CHARLES REED replies to this charge by saying that wherever this has apparently happened it has been due to local circumstances which left the Board no choice. It is not every voluntary school that can be utilized by a School Board when it is administering a system of compulsory attendance. Voluntary schools have within certain limits a right to make their own terms and to fix their own fees, and in some cases the terms are more strict and the fees higher than parents can be forced to submit to. In theory, for example, the Conscience Clause throws every public elementary school open to children of all religions. In practice, however, the Conscience Clause is only found really operative where it has in reality become unnecessary. Comparatively slight differences of belief make little or no impression on a parent's mind; and, where that is the case, he does not much care whether his children do or do not attend the religious teaching given in the school. But where he feels at all strongly upon this point he generally dislikes the school altogether, and would resent being ordered to send his children there. "Our visitors," says Sir CHARLES REED, "can require children to go to any efficient school, but 'not to any particular school. . . . Vacancies in 'Jewish and Roman Catholic schools cannot be utilized 'for Christian and Protestant children.'" The particulars of this controversy are quite unsuited for public criticism. If it could be shown that the total provision of schools was in excess of the total number of children, that would be a very proper subject for censure. If any probable evidence could be brought forward in support of such a contention, that would be a very proper subject for consideration. But the complaints of particular voluntary schools and the statistics of particular neighbourhoods must be settled by the Education Department. They have the power to reject the proposals of the Board as regards new schools, and Sir CHARLES REED has every right to quote the fact that this power has been exercised in only four cases out of about three hundred, as tantamount to a verdict of acquittal. In several cases, indeed, the ratepayers have been put to additional expense in the long run, because the Board, yielding to local representations, has not left sufficient room for the growth of population, and consequently has had to enlarge a school almost as soon as it was built.

As regards the second great head of expense—the school buildings—that again is mainly a question for experts. It may be doubted, however, whether the Board have been sufficiently on their guard against the temptation to build solidly and largely which comes to all bodies similarly situated. The same tendency is visible in some London workhouses. The old and inconvenient buildings that were formerly associated with paupers have given place to vast piles of brick and mortar, which are commended to

the trusting ratepayer as the cheapest in the end. Nor is it easy to prove that they are not. All that can be said is that there must be some limit to the application of this doctrine. A cathedral which has been built six hundred years may outlast many modern churches, but we do not for that reason make all our churches as massive as cathedrals. There is a point beyond which future generations must be left to take care of their own interests; and, though School Boards ought not altogether to neglect the interests of those who come after them, their enthusiasm may still be tempered by regard for the pockets of those whom they actually represent. There is one point on which the London School Board and the Education Department are at issue in which the Board seems to have been hardly used. The Code, says Sir CHARLES REED, requires that each child in average attendance should have a minimum of 8 square feet and 80 cubic feet of space. The Board thought this insufficient, and proposed that their class-rooms should be 22 feet wide, and should contain six rows of desks, which would give each child in average attendance 9 square feet and 125 cubic feet of space. The Education Department will only allow five rows of desks in a room 22 feet wide, thus insisting on each child having rather more than 10½ square feet and 150 cubic feet as his share. It certainly seems hard that the Board should be forced to spend a good deal of money in satisfying requirements so far ahead of those laid down by the Code which is supposed to embody the Department's views on the subject.

The charge which Sir CHARLES REED is least successful in meeting is that of extravagance in the payment of teachers. It is here that there is so much need for the London School Board to remember the warning of Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD which we quoted last week. Sir CHARLES REED argues that it would be bad economy to employ inferior teachers, inasmuch as the passing of the children through the various standards would thus be delayed, and parents longer debarred from using their children's labour. That is quite true, of course, if the superiority and inferiority of the teachers be measured exclusively by their ability to teach children to read and write, to cast accounts, and to master a few elementary facts about the world around them. But when Sir CHARLES REED speaks of the difficulty of a teacher's work, and of the necessity of obtaining really good teachers to do that work, it is difficult not to feel a doubt whether he is not thinking all the time of that tremendous Fourth Schedule. Cannot children be taught the simple rudiments which is all that the great majority of children in elementary schools can ever learn, by a less qualified teacher than one who can command a salary of 132*l.* in the open market? No doubt it is of great importance that a teacher should possess the faculties of teaching and of maintaining discipline, and have had these faculties brought out by training and practice. But we question whether the moderate proficiency in these arts which is all that many teachers ever attain to cannot be had for less than 132*l.* a year. If the doubt is well founded, and what really fetches the price given by School Boards is the ability to teach the higher subjects for which special grants are given, then we do think that some part of the outlay is unnecessary. The need for a "Revised Code" is once more becoming evident. Before the original revision the State had no sufficient assurance that it got the results it paid for; now that the State gets the results it pays for, it seems to pay for some which are hardly worth getting. The "higher subjects" are not, as a rule, capable of being taught to any purpose to children of the age at which the children in elementary schools mostly are. They belong to the lowest stage of secondary education, and they owe their place in the elementary Code to that desire to improve the education of the poor which seems to blind many persons to the fact that it is of no use to give information before the brain is prepared to assimilate it. If the ratepayers are prepared to make provision *eo nomine* for the education of children between thirteen and fifteen, the extra subjects would find their natural place in the schools to which such children would go. They are not in place in elementary schools, and the money spent in trying to teach them is little better than money wasted.

OUR KNOWLEDGE OF UNREAD AUTHORS.

IT would be an amusing, if not a useful experiment, to try to describe our impressions of the great writers whom we know only by reputation, and by those subtle emanations from their works which have penetrated to our minds through the general mass of intelligence which surrounds us like an atmosphere. The difficulty would be to find courage and opportunity for confessing the indirectness of the sources of our information. We should like, though nothing of course would induce us to give way to the temptation, to try the experiment whether a review written by this process would escape detection. We believe that many people really derive considerable pleasure and even profit from the presence in their imaginations of literary figures, more or less vaguely outlined, but yet each possessing a distinct character, and occupying a separate space, whose actual writings have never been disclosed to their bodily eyes. Some Epicurean spirits may even go so far as to shrink a little from disturbing these visionary impressions by dragging the volumes out to the light of day. Many persons profess to be disappointed on visiting scenes of natural beauty known to them only by reputation. It would require a higher degree of audacity to avow disappointment in (let us say) the reading of Dante's poems than in the sight of Niagara; but it is hard to say why the mind may not cling to its preconceived visions of a poem as well as of a waterfall. Our dreams about another world are mixed up with the visions seen by Dante long before we know where they come from. Beatrice and Francesca are not unfamiliar to us when we first are introduced to them in his pages.

Not only the contents, but the quality, of literary masterpieces are known by tradition as well as by direct observation. Would it be necessary to have read the *Waverley Novels*, or the *Excursion*, or the *Prometheus Unbound*, to have a more or less distinct impression of the picturesqueness, the humour, and the manliness of Scott, the calm depth and the lofty imagery of Wordsworth, or the thin but intense spiritual passion of Shelley? Does not the mere name of Keats call up associations as of light falling through stained glass, a general impression of something rich and rare and passionate, which can be conveyed by description and comparison unsupported by quotation or extract? If all the writings of Shakespeare and Milton had been destroyed a hundred years ago, and not replaced from memory, should we not still each keep sacred a shrine dedicated to those majestic figures? The thought of the still unexplored regions which have been peopled for us by any of the great literary benefactors of the world is to some of us a haunting presence—half an ache and half a delight. We are conscious of a great crowd of dim figures beckoning from the bookshelves, in which for some of us they are as much banished as if they were the inhabitants of another world—for others they are always at hand. The keenness of our appreciation of the value of particular literary works bears by no means an invariable relation to the degree of our familiarity with them. There are authors whom, not having read, we love and reverence; others who perform for us the office assigned, on good authority, to the Devil, of affording exercise to our faculty of hatred—a hatred much too keen to allow us ever to open their volumes. Others flit before our imaginations with a mute and shadowy appeal, like that of ghosts, or pique our fancy with half-seen and transient will-o'-the-wisp flashes. There are memoirs the quality and precise flavour of which are almost as familiar to us through Sainte-Beuve as if we had read every word of them; and arguments which a tolerably quick eye will at once recognize as the property of philosophers the mere titles of whose works we may be unable to recall.

The very air around us is full of echoes as well as of voices, and we could ill spare either. To have read every book we had reason to believe to be worth reading would indeed be worse than to have visited the braes of Yarrow before the time. It would seem almost an injustice to any great book to plunge into it without having first rendered it our tribute of distant and wistful admiration. Unintermitting consumption of book after book without pause for anticipation is as unromantic a proceeding as one of those French marriages which leave no room for courtship. There is a charm in the slow approaches towards intimacy, in the dallying with an idea and the gradual preparations of sympathy, which it would be a pity to sacrifice in our eagerness. Nothing quite replaces the joy of expectation, and there are delicate delights which will unfold themselves only in perfect leisure. Reading for the first time a book around which have gathered the fancies of years, and which is all clothed for us in shadowy memories of former talks, is like visiting the early home of a dear friend. We feel as we go along as Christiana felt when the scenes of her husband's struggles and toils were pointed out to her on her journey. Now we can understand whence this or that favourite idea was derived; we recognize the birthplace of certain associations, and solve many a riddle, and recall many a conversation.

The most ambitious author might be satisfied if he could live to see his works thus disengage themselves from the letter, and assume a distinct form in the imagination capable of being transmitted from mind to mind without the laborious process of separate study. It is the last refinement of influence to take possession of the minds of those who have not only not seen us, but neither heard nor read us. A theory might be framed respecting the transmigration of ideas not less plausible than that of the trans-

migration of souls, and resting upon more satisfactory evidence. Does the spirit of a book, after becoming disembodied, ever enter into another quite distinct form and clothe itself once more in a paper and morocco integument, there to pass through another period of earthly existence? And, if so, does it retain any traceable connexion with its former self? When once a book has been called into existence, who shall say where its reverberations will end, or what form they may eventually assume? And does the law of the conservation of energy apply to literary matter, so that when a great historical work, for instance, falls out of print, its elements may be dispersed into a vast cloud of nebulous pamphlets, thence at some indefinite future, perhaps, to be once more resolved into a compact treatise on political economy?

The presence on one's own bookshelves of a book long known and highly esteemed, but not yet read, affords a peculiar sensation of forearmed comfort, like the existence of a large balance at one's bankers. A bookcase containing nothing unexplored would be like a garden in winter without its spring bulbs. The books we have read and love are planted there like fruit-trees out of bearing, with a hidden promise of spring blossoming; but the uncut leaves of our new possessions fold in their treasures as the scaly coat of a new lily root hides all the wonderful possibilities of stem and leaf and radiant flower. Spring bulbs perhaps especially suggest novels by well-known authors, certain to present a general family likeness, and more or less warranted to come up to a familiar average standard in blooming, from which they occasionally depart in a most vexatious degree. But there are rarer and more precious roots, aloes and palms and strange orchids, which excite a far wider range and greater height of expectation, which may fitly typify the books whose first unfolding makes an era in our lives. These are the books for whose existence all the world is the better, though comparatively few may have been admitted to intimacy with them. They rule as from afar, like monarchs whom the great mass of their subjects can know only by name. We have sometimes fancied that a day might come when a liberal education would be carried on chiefly by lectures on books, instead of, as now, by the slow process of reading. We should like, for instance, to see a prize offered for the best essay on the comparative merits of Bishop Butler and Voltaire, by students certified never to have read a line of either. How easy it would be to describe at second-hand from external evidence the differences between the French scolder and the English divine; the brilliant satire of the one and the sadly humorous depth of the other; the devastation produced by the biting acid of the philosopher, and the gloomy doubts suggested by the too solid analogies pursued by the preacher; then to give a sketch of the tyrannical superstition which provoked, and in a measure justified, Voltaire's attack upon religion, and of the unique combination of prejudice and freedom which rendered possible such a view of this world and the next as that taken by Butler. These and many more commonplaces respecting the two authors in question are abundantly familiar from hearsay; and it would be difficult to show that their value, such as it is, was lessened by the remoteness of their source. It is no small advantage in approaching any study to have a place ready prepared for it in the mind. A book is never worth so much to us as when it supplies the answer to a question already distinctly formulated. To have our pigeon-holes ready before we begin gathering in materials tends greatly to order, and order is of more paramount importance in literary matters even than abundance.

As time goes on and books multiply, it must cease to be considered discreditable not to have read everything above a certain degree of celebrity. The obvious and growing impossibility of acquiring an exhaustive knowledge of even standard works must force upon us a new estimate of what constitutes scholarship. The plethora of print under which we are suffering will have one good effect if it drives us to aim less at the acquirement of complete knowledge than at the possession of full and well-ordered minds. To know where to look for any particular kind of literary food for which we may hunger is an advantage second only to that of being well supplied with it; and for this advantage we depend in a great measure upon our knowledge of unread authors. It is well worth while to study the geography of literature, even if we cannot hope to be great travellers ourselves. Reviews and other critical works serve the same purpose as voyages and travels, and are, on the whole, not less trustworthy.

It is easy to understand why some people so decidedly prefer taking a survey of the world from their fireside to examining its surface on the spot. All the inconveniences and fatigues and annoyances braved by actual travellers are to the fireside explorer but so many effectively placed shadows, necessary to the right composition of the picture they are contemplating. A lively imagination and a weak or indolent body get a far more satisfactory balance of enjoyment from reading about most places than they would by visiting them. And in like manner there are books the actual reading of which would perhaps most uncomfortably jar on our thoughts, while a serene and unmixed pleasure may be derived from reading a masterly critique upon them, especially if written from a point of view not unlike our own. A keen literary palate is by no means inseparable from a hearty appetite for literature, though it no doubt requires much reading for its due cultivation. People who do their reading by proxy can never become real critics, though one reason for their being especially inclined to the practice may be the very fact of their possession of some of the qualities which go to make a critic. To the merely voracious

but indiscriminating bookworm unread authors represent merely so much food, instead of becoming familiar and characteristic outlines, dim but cherished visions, each of which occupies its own particular niche in the secret sanctuary of the imagination.

A GERMAN DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

THE distinguished foreigner bids fair to become something of a bore. We have no sooner got rid of M. Sarcy, who was so pleased to find that we knew how to read and write, than we are pounced upon by a learned German who is distressed to discover that we do not know how to think. The Frenchman, if he was apt to be impudent, was at least amusing; but the German, though he is more complimentary, threatens to be dull. The spectacle of a ponderous Teuton attempting a kind of intellectual leap-frog over the heads of our countrymen could not, indeed, under any circumstances, be deemed exhilarating. Dr. Hillebrand, who has begun a series of "Familiar Letters on Modern England" in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, does his best to assume a jaunty air and a springy gait; but he has not been endowed by nature with the kind of agility which such sports demand. In a game imperatively requiring lightness of touch, he is apt occasionally to be awkward in his stride, and while we are meekly waiting with bowed heads expecting the leap, we are warned by a blow from behind that the Doctor has only got half way over, and that we have to support the dead weight of his learning upon our shoulders. It is in vain that he flourishes in our faces the word *nuance*, and twits us with our incurable earnestness of character; for so long as we are groaning beneath the load of his portly form we must be tempted to desire a more practical illustration of the virtues of intellectual athleticism. But even in the midst of our sufferings it is impossible not to be touched by a certain sense of grim humour at the thought that it is a German who is exhorting us to be *spiritual* and gay, and who is chiding English writers for the lack of "simplicity and fluency of style." The main purpose of Dr. Hillebrand's criticism is to warn us of our extravagant leniency towards foreigners and their works; and really, if this kind of thing is to continue, we shall be disposed to accept his warning very seriously. Admirable as the foreigner may be, it becomes pretty evident that we can have too much of him; and whether, like the intelligent Frenchman, he seeks to fathom our national character by a hurried visit to Mme. Tussaud's wax-works, or, like Dr. Hillebrand, betakes himself to the British Museum, the result is equally devoid of the elements of lasting amusement. Dr. Hillebrand, it is true, has a special humour of his own. He wants to convince us of the folly of our admiration for France, and yet he is himself constantly striving to strike the attitude of a Frenchman. He visibly pants under the exertion; for his wealth of knowledge somewhat encumbers the free movement of his critical apparatus. But the fun that he tries to poke at us bears an obvious resemblance to the kind of satire which Mr. Matthew Arnold used to put into the mouth of the intelligent Frenchman. It reveals traces of a strong German accent, and in the mode of its expression there is just that lack of lightness of touch which Dr. Hillebrand so deplores in the English genius; but in its essence it is unmistakably French. The only point upon which Dr. Hillebrand strikes out a course of his own is his discovery of the true cause of our failure. Here he is eminently original and undeniably German. He thinks that for all our shortcomings we have only ourselves to blame; and that, if we had not been so foolish as to listen to those who urged us to look to the example of France, we might now have been as sprightly in our views of life and as lucid in our style as we used to be when Pope ruled our verse and Addison was the recognized master of English prose.

All this is very sad and very hard to bear; and what makes it still sadder is the reflection that, if Dr. Hillebrand had come a little sooner, all might have been different. Evidently Mr. Matthew Arnold is the person most to blame. When we see ourselves as Dr. Hillebrand sees us, we are filled with indignation at the ruin that has been wrought by this reckless apostle of sweetness and light. For was it not Mr. Arnold who used to warn us of the danger of our insular habits, and to bid us look across the Channel for those very qualities which, according to Dr. Hillebrand, we have only lately lost? As we read the catalogue of our vices as set forth by the learned German, we seem to be listening over again to the voice of Mr. Arnold in those lay sermons of ten or fifteen years ago. We were told then, as we are told now, that we are too much engrossed by practical affairs to be artistic, and too earnest to hope to be critical; that there is a want of proportion in our judgment and a lack of *nuance* in our appreciation even of men and things that we most admire; but we learn now for the first time that nearly all these defects have arisen out of a foolish admiration for the literature and manners of France. What Mr. Arnold used to declare to be the only cure for our disease, Dr. Hillebrand now asserts to have been its principal cause. We should have been quite right, he assures us, if we had only let ourselves alone, and it was only when we awoke to a sense of our danger that we have contrived to go astray.

It will be some comfort to our unfortunate countrymen who have been so grossly misled by teachers like Mr. Arnold, to learn that Dr. Hillebrand makes an awful example of Mr. Arnold himself. Our newly imported critic has no patience with Mr. Arnold's desire to organize a comprehensive system of education in England.

Organization, he is good enough to inform us, is not an English virtue; and, as we have never had a Ministry of Public Education in the past, "it would be best not to attempt to extemporize a work which is the fruit of centuries." Mr. Arnold may possibly endure this reproof with becoming meekness; but he will scarcely like to be held up as an example of those very vices which he has so often deplored; nor will he care to be told that his "serious endeavours to know the Continent have no corresponding results." And yet who can sympathize with a culprit who has manifestly done so much evil to his generation? Was it not Mr. Arnold who used to conjure up the ghosts of foreign critics to frighten us? and now that the dreaded monster has at last landed upon our coasts, is there not a certain poetical justice in the fact that Mr. Arnold himself should be the first to be devoured? Truly this is a sad fate for the creator of *Arminius* and the author of *Friendship's Garland*; but there is no one else among us who could have been so fitly chosen for the sacrifice. For it would seem that Mr. Arnold has not only been wrong about education, but that his way of looking at the problems of modern existence is radically perverse and mistaken. He has said that the mental conditions of our life are painfully complex, whereas Dr. Hillebrand points out that they are exceedingly simple, and that it is only our love of external luxury which introduces any element of complication. This, however, is only by the way, for, as a general rule, Dr. Hillebrand does not condescend to the criticism of external conditions. Here, again, he differs essentially from our French critics. He says nothing about "ros-bif," and he only makes a passing allusion to roast lamb and mint sauce, and that merely for the sake of marking the painful monotony of our social scheme. His principal concern, as becomes a philosopher, is with the deeper currents of intellectual ideas. Here, on the very threshold of his inquiries, he is appalled by the English worship of Botticelli to the exclusion of Benozzo Gozzoli, and he is distressed to find that Goethe's estimate of Byron has somewhat suffered by a later appreciation of Keats. A poor foreigner who still admires the author of *Don Juan* has, he assures us, no chance of a hearing; for in England "so mighty is the gregariousness that everybody blindly obeys the orders of the arbiter of taste as a regiment might those of its officers." In no country in the world does fashion exercise such undisputed sway. Even in France, which is Dr. Hillebrand's especial bugbear, "all the healthy intellects of the cultivated nation stick to their Museet and their Mémirée," while we Englishmen have been so infatuated as to place Gautier and Victor Hugo on almost an equal level. All this and much more springs from a "want of *nuance* resulting from a misunderstanding of foreign words and ideas." Clearly, as Dr. Hillebrand very plainly tells us, we have no business to meddle with foreign ideas at all. Indeed we are scarcely competent to meddle with ideas of native growth. Dr. Hillebrand rates us soundly for our imperfect appreciation of Lord Macaulay, and for applying to a man "who had breathed and breathed the storms of Westminster" the opprobrious title of Philistine. We wonder, by the way, if all the blameless heroes who have breathed and breathed the storms of Westminster are to be equally exempt from this reproach; if so Dr. Hillebrand will have taken quite a regiment of dull people under his kindly protection.

The most melancholy aspect of Dr. Hillebrand's inquiries has yet to be revealed. If the fruits of our folly were destined to descend only upon ourselves, we might learn to bear the burden with becoming resignation. We could even tolerate the presence of Mr. Matthew Arnold, in spite of the irreparable injury that he has inflicted upon our race, if we could be assured that we should be allowed proper time to repent of our sins and to improve our ways. But, unfortunately, the evil that is in us is likely to spread. England, according to Dr. Hillebrand, "has again taken the lead of European thought." England, with her hopeless confusion of thought and her astounding misconception of foreign ideas, is destined, as we are told, even to supplant "the intellectual hegemony" of Germany; and if this awful prospect does not in itself sober our national vanity, we fear that it will be useless to import any more competent critics to point out the error of our ways. That we should ourselves have fallen into our present pitiable plight is bad enough, but that we should be the means of conveying the infirmities of our race to the compatriots of Dr. Hillebrand is a prospect from which even the most careless mind will shrink with terror and dismay.

THE POMPEIAN CELEBRATION.

THE celebration of centenaries has nowadays become too frequent to be anything but monotonous and tiresome. We have had a long list of centenaries in our own country. Duocentenaries, ter-centenaries, and quin-centenaries have all lately taken place; but by what crack-jaw name the Pompeian centenary is to be called it would perhaps be impertinent to suggest. The Committees who manage these festivals are usually able to do something memorable for the amusement and warning of the outer world. We have not yet forgotten the "monument embracing a statue" of William Shakespeare; nor the "four hundredth anniversary" of another William, the dates of whose birth and death are alike unknown. When the Italians celebrate the eighteenth centenary of the destruction of Pompeii they throw all our little efforts into the shade. In the

year 79 eminent Englishmen had not begun to have birthdays, and eminent Britons might have been reckoned very briefly. We have recently celebrated the thousandth anniversary of Alfred's defeat of the Danes, and some other millenniums not quite so authentic have been marked at Ely and Oxford. But the inscrutable ways of all centenary Committees, whether English or Italian, have been so often noticed that it is hardly worth while to inquire why these rejoicings over the ashes of Pompeii should not have taken place a month ago, since authorities agree in placing the commemorated event on the 24th of August. The performances described in the daily papers of the past week took place on the 25th of September. The *Times*, though it does not account for this discrepancy, has some very sound remarks on the indecency of the celebration, which resembled, we are told, "a Neapolitan Derby Day." Though the victims of the great eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79 lived so long ago, they were our fellow-creatures, and it is impossible to recall their fate—especially, one might think, to recall it on the spot—without a feeling of horror. Sir William Gell estimated the number of people who perished at thirteen hundred; but during recent excavations so many bodies have been found that it seems to have been far greater; and when we consider that, closely as the inhabitants were packed, Pompeii was still but a little place, the proportion of deaths appears large. It is of course satisfactory to the antiquary to reflect that the misfortunes of Pompeii have been a great gain to modern knowledge. The manners of the ancient Romans are better known to us by what has been discovered here under the ashes than by all the pictures, or statues, or writings existing elsewhere. The town had been very recently rebuilt, and the remains are chiefly of one period; but the decorations are remarkable for their rarity as well as for their freshness. In fact, the state of pictorial art in the first century would be almost unknown to us but for the frescoes from the House of the Tragic Poet and the beautiful wall-paintings now in the Naples Museum. It did not, however, require a centenary to remind us of this fact and others like it; and most people will concur in the protest of the *Times* "against what we consider a violation of an understood concordat between emotion and sober sense on the subject." It cannot be said that the contemporary Italian has, either in politics, manners, or archaeology, shown much of the good taste to be expected from the heir of eighteen centuries of such civilization as the diggings at Pompeii reveal. The great drawback and annoyance in a visit to the excavations now going on is the presence of the Neapolitan cicerone; and though, among the superior authorities, the inquiring traveller occasionally meets with the greatest civility, the new official class in Italy can scarcely be said to do credit to the surroundings of its youth. We have already had occasion of late to mention this subject, and among the traveller's reminiscences of the Bay of Naples there intrude unpleasant recollections of a Custom-house on a quay, of a crowd of boatmen who are a law unto themselves, of porters who share the peculiar views as to property of the neighbouring Calabrian brigand, of drivers whose cruelty to their horses is only exceeded in brutality by their behaviour to their fares, of hotels where the air is as wholesome as that of Ashantee, and the charges as high as in the Highlands. It is sad to have to remember these things, and to see, as through their veil, that glorious bay, that mountain, those islands, that city.

Since the appearance of Sir William Gell's books on Pompeii it is remarkable how little of importance has been discovered. The Forum, the site of which was already known, and the chief buildings adjoining it, had been uncovered, and the rest of the little city consists for the most part of private houses. Here, though some remarkable objects have been found, the great public statues, the fountains, columns, and altars, are not to be expected. If, as seems likely, the principal decorations of the Temple of Jupiter were removed soon after the destruction of the city, we need not now expect anything of greater importance than objects of the class represented by the discoveries of Thursday week. The remains were rather remarkable for their abundance than for their beauty or their worth; and a glance at the official map will show that nothing better could be looked for in "the Insulæ V. and VI. of the Ninth Region." A dozen bronze vases of different shapes and sizes, with or without handles, some coins, bracelets, rings, terra-cottas, kitchen utensils, spits, forks, a sack of beans, and the vestiges of a bird-fancier's shop, are among the things enumerated; "but in one room a skeleton was found, and in the smallest chamber opened four were discovered huddled together." Seven or eight thousand people were present at the discovery, and probably thought as little of the skeletons as their predecessors thought of a few dead gladiators in the neighbouring amphitheatre. "Four, huddled together!" Bulwer Lytton has furnished English readers with all the terrible details needed to point the story of those unfortunates; and one would prefer to believe, for the sake of human nature, that even a Neapolitan crowd was serious for a moment as the bones were brought into the daylight. It is impossible, when visiting the Museum near the gate to repress a shudder at the eight casts of bodies which Signor Fiorelli contrived to make in 1863. By carefully removing a body piecemeal, without disturbing the ashes in which it was cased, and by then pouring plaster into the cavity, he succeeded in obtaining these ghastly casts. One of them represents a young girl with a ring on her finger, and another is remarkable for its well-preserved features. It is not, however, in this local museum that the chief Pompeian remains are exhibited, but in what used to be known as the Museo Borbonico at Naples, where are to be

seen, among so many other works of art and so many domestic relics, such noble statues as that of Priestess Eumachia from the Chalcidicum, and the mosaic of a Battle of the Greeks and Persians from the House of the Faun.

It is not, however, so much by its contributions to our knowledge of ancient art that Pompeii is interesting. The painted walls, with their strange "willow pattern" perspective, are almost unique, it is true; but the great value of the remains found lies rather in their homely and ordinary character. The domestic life of the Romans in the early days of the Empire, so soon after the close of the life of Cicero, whose villa here has been uncovered, cannot be studied so well anywhere else. Here is the dog chained on the threshold, as described by Petronius; the miserable cells in which the slaves slept are by the door, and the skeletons of porters have been found still wearing the brazen key-ring which was their badge of office. In the smallness of the private chambers we recognize the habits of a people who were seldom indoors and who spent their time in the forum, the theatre, and the baths. The largest rooms in the most magnificent villa are but twenty feet square. The dismal windowless streets betray to us a feeling that the house, when its owner did retire to it, should be completely private. He knew of no higher luxury than that of his own time, or he might have desired window glass, chimneys, a clock, a box of matches. We read of a wife who, because the baby cried in the night and the lamp had gone out in the hall, had to go to a neighbour's house for a light. In cold weather—and there is often snow on the slopes of Vesuvius—the householder would take refuge in the public bath, except on days of national mourning when it was closed, or in the evening after sunset when the stoves of the calidarium were put out. In hot weather he would lie under the portico of a temple, or in the atrium of a rich man's villa, and listen to the playing fountain. There were many slaves in Pompeii, and it seems to follow that there must have been many "mean whites." Their life must have been that of the late unlamented Lazzaroni, but untempered by the blessings of even modern Neapolitan Christianity. For the mean white of old Pompeii there was little employment of a remunerative kind. All the work was done by slaves. He slept on the roof of a house to be out of the reach of the dogs. He wore in summer no clothes to speak of, and a blanket in winter if he could get one. He stretched his brown legs under the sunny side of the wall till the public bath was warm enough, and breakfasted on a water melon, which, as the modern Neapolitan boasts, combines the advantage of providing both food and washing. He perhaps turned an honest penny when he held the horse of some young patrician who had driven his chariot to the door of the moneylender, or he guided it over the stepping-stones at the crossing. After this unwonted exertion he would sit down by the wall and rest but for the "Discede morator" painted up; for, though he cannot read, he knows the meaning of the snakes. At evening he watches the long procession of women going down to the Sarnus with their water-jugs, and wishes he had money enough to marry one of them. He looks forward to a gift of bread from the new edile, and on free days endeavours to take his pleasure in the amphitheatre; but, as he grows old, he knows that starvation is before him, for there are no almshouses or hospitals in Pompeii, and pity is unknown in Roman bosoms. Priests do not notice such folk as he is, and he has no reason to suppose that Mercury or the deified Augustus will succour him, either here or hereafter. San Gennaro behaves better to his modern votary. The sky wears a different aspect. The bay and the volcano and the men are the same; but everything else is changed. It would be interesting to reconstruct the life of a Pompeian and to compare it with the life of a Neapolitan; but the result would perhaps be too depressing. That eighteen Christian centuries have done so little for him, that, except for an easier life, more comfort, coal, gas, and charity, he is much what his ancestor, or at least his predecessor, was when it rained ashes upon Pompeii, is only another example of the South American saying, that when the conditions of life are too easy, civilization flags. Why should a man do work if he can live without it? There are workers and industrious people at Pompeii at the present day, and we must hope that the course of time and the influence of free institutions will teach the Neapolitan of the future to value a little more highly common honesty, truthfulness, decency, and humanity.

THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION AT MANCHESTER.

WHEN the Library Association met at Oxford last year doubts were expressed as to the desirableness of holding an annual conference. The questions for consideration are not inexhaustible, and the subject of library administration is hardly likely to furnish novelty sufficient for a three days' discussion every year. Bibliography offers a wider field. We do not mean the bibliography of the antiquary, but that which is concerned with the pressing needs of the general reader as well as of the scholar and the student. But the organization of the Association is at present too exclusively professional. By far the larger number of the members are librarians, and there is actually a rule which is intended to maintain the disproportion, for at no time are non-librarians to form more than one-third of the society—a provision

which seems to imply that they are only admitted on sufferance or as a favour. At Manchester, for the first time, associates were enrolled, after the fashion set by the British Association, the temporary membership conferring privileges during the meeting only, and ending with it. Almost as a matter of course, the associates who joined at Manchester were not librarians, but professors, journalists, authors, and others interested in libraries and bibliographical research. The wise policy would be to attach these gentlemen permanently to the Association as members; it would give greater breadth to the work and sympathies of the Society, and increase the funds in the hands of the treasurer, who could find many outlets for their serviceable use. Of all bodies of men, the custodians of one of the chief means of knowledge ought to shun the narrowness which comes from professional exclusiveness.

Although the possibility of maintaining the interest of a yearly gathering is doubtful, the choice of Manchester as the scene of the third annual Conference was justified by the result. At London, in 1877, the general outlines of the Association's work were laid down; at Oxford the members dealt with university, cathedral, church, and parochial libraries; in Manchester the Free Library system was exhaustively considered in all its branches. What new field of observation, we wonder, can possibly be found for the meeting in Edinburgh next year? Meanwhile the extent and character of the Free Libraries of the kingdom have never been so well illustrated as by the communications read at Manchester. As a kind of preface, an enormous statistical chart, prepared by the honorary secretaries of the local Committee, was presented to the members. It gave in minute detail the particulars of the seventy-four town libraries—seven of which are in Scotland, three in Wales, one in Ireland, and the rest in England. These contain in all one million two hundred and fifty thousand volumes, with issues, last year, from both reference and lending departments, of nearly eight million volumes. In addition to gifts of land, buildings, and books, many of them munificent, the donations in money to the several libraries have exceeded 100,000*l.* For their maintenance nearly 70,000*l.* is raised annually by the penny rate. As the first Free Libraries Act was passed in 1851, the system is little more than a quarter of a century old, and it must be admitted that the result is fairly satisfactory. The obstacles to its extension were amongst the subjects discussed at the Conference. Mr. E. B. Nicholson, the librarian of the London Institution, dealt with the defects in the Acts. He advised that the four existing Acts should be consolidated; that there should be a power given to ratepayers to disestablish a library; that a clause should be inserted to guard against corrupt practices, the contention being that innkeepers and others resort to them to prevent the adoption of the Act; and that there should be power to levy an additional voluntary rate. Other speakers advocated the grouping of populous places for library purposes, and the grant of powers to expend money for lectures on books in connexion with the libraries, for it seems that such an expenditure is at present regarded as illegal. For small towns the penny rate was conclusively shown to be inadequate. At Warminster, for example, a town of six thousand inhabitants, the rate produces 88*l.*, and other places have incomes from the same source of forty, sixty, eighty, and one hundred pounds. At the other end of the scale we have Liverpool with an income of 11,500*l.*, and Manchester with 11,000*l.* It might well be asked what could be done with a library that had to depend for its maintenance upon a paltry forty or sixty pounds a year. A Southampton librarian thought the only remedy was a resort to State aid; but neither this suggestion nor another by Mr. Nicholson for the appointment by Government of two inspectors of libraries found much favour. The ideas which met with most approval were a permissive power to obtain a threehalfpenny or twopenny rate where the ratepayers were disposed to grant it, and especially wherever a museum and art gallery exist in addition to the library, and the creation of a circulating system with the large towns as central depositories, from which the books could be sent round to the neighbouring villages and townships. Such a plan has been successfully adopted by the great Free Library at Boston in the United States, and is also working satisfactorily at Nottingham. On the whole, it is evident that in the large and middle-sized towns the Free Libraries are extremely popular and useful; but in the smaller places they exist amidst difficulties which are almost insurmountable.

It will be an evil day for the Library Association if the Committee permit crotcheters to air their peculiar notions at the annual gatherings, or allow the introduction of discussions upon purely speculative or theoretical questions. These had best be left to the Social Science Congress, the refuge of so many forlorn causes and hopeless fanaticisms. Two motions were proposed at the Library Conference which encroached needlessly upon the too scanty time of the meeting. Mr. Kay, the librarian of Owens College, asked the Association to declare that novels should be absolutely and entirely excluded from all rate-supported libraries, and Mr. Axon desired it to recommend the opening of all Free Libraries on Sundays, "whenever such opening can be accomplished without injustice to those employed." Considering that at least three-fifths of the members are the paid custodians of these Free Libraries, acting under the direction of the representatives of the ratepayers, the introduction of such proposals was to the last degree injudicious. Fortunately they met with a swift and decisive defeat, the meeting very properly declining to express any opinion upon either subject. Mr. Kay adduced the well-known fact that novels form by far the largest portion of the issues of the free as of almost all other libraries; and he held that, as novels are

luxuries, it is not right or wise to spend the ratepayers' money upon them. Oddly enough, he did not see that the ratepayers may legitimately claim to have their own money expended upon such books as they wish to read. Mr. Kay had not a single supporter for his strange views, though some were disposed to advocate a restriction of the novels in Free Libraries "to the highest classes of such literature." In the end the common sense of the librarians and the rest of the members prevailed, and it was virtually decided that the question was not one which came within the range and scope of the Association. A curious fact was mentioned by Mr. Charles Rowley, a member of the Manchester Free Libraries Committee. The most popular book for years past has been Mrs. Wood's *East Lynne*. At one of the branch libraries of the city it has been issued seventy times during the last six months, and asked for the enormous number of eleven hundred and seventy times. The cheers and laughter which the statement elicited from the assembled librarians showed that the exceptional popularity of Mrs. Wood's morbid novel is not confined to Manchester. Mr. Rowley held in his hand a return showing the demand for forty more novels and romances, and he contended that statistics were powerless to gauge the appetite for fiction, seeing that the demand far outstripped the largest possible or reasonable supply.

To the non-professional section of the meeting, as well as to the officials connected with the larger libraries, the freshest and most attractive subject was that of special collections of books. At the first meeting, in 1877, the Association was urged to obtain a list of the special collections in the three kingdoms; and the paper read by Mr. J. H. Nodal on the specialities in Lancashire and Cheshire was designed as a beginning of the work. It will take some time, probably, before private collectors will reconcile themselves to what Mr. Hill Burton, in his *Book-Hunter*, termed "the martyrdom of publicity." Mr. Nodal was able to present particulars concerning about seventy special collections, to be found in some thirty public and private libraries of the two counties; but, out of a hundred applications for information, he had only received a response from twenty-five. The ownership of all the most valuable pictures in the country is known, and there seems to be no valid reason why the owners of special collections of books should prefer to keep their possessions a secret. There are, indeed, many potent reasons which tell the other way, not the least of which is the opportunity that would be afforded for the mutual interchange of benefits. The paper read at Manchester revealed the existence of several most interesting collections, including the Defoe's and the great gathering of Commonwealth tracts and newspapers, the property of Mr. James Crossley, the President of the Chetham Society; the immense special library of books connected with Wales and the four border counties, in the possession of Mr. Salisbury, of Chester, who has devoted half a century to its accumulation; and the probably unsurpassed Horace library of Mr. Christie, Chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester. As a contrast to this series of the works of the great Latin poet, mention may be made of another group of nearly five hundred volumes, the writings of the uneducated, or self-taught, poets of England and Scotland, to the formation of which Mr. Gee, a Superintendent of the Manchester police, has given the leisure hours of five-and-thirty years. Mr. Crossley, who entertained the meeting with some pleasant autobiographical reminiscences touching his experiences as a collector, remarked that it was the inevitable lot of private collections to gravitate towards the public libraries; and unquestionably these latter owe most of their peculiar richness to the assiduous and single-minded labours of the private collector. Mr. Timmins suggested that, at every subsequent meeting of the Association, the special collections of the district should be dealt with as those of Lancashire and Cheshire had been. But with the resources at the command of the Society, the work ought to be accomplished much more speedily, and would only thus effectually secure the end in view.

Of the discussions on technical and professional points, on cataloguing, library indicators, classification, and the sizes of books, it boots not to say much. About these things librarians appear to be as far as ever from the attainment of unanimity, and, to an outsider, the amount of temper imported into the debates is a source of mingled amusement and wonder. If a stranger to the past history of bibliothecal disputes had happened to enter the room during the debate on the best means of describing or discriminating the sizes of books, he might have excusably thought that some theological or political controversy was afoot, so heated were the disputants and so forcible their expressions. It is almost needless to add that all the questions were remitted to the Committee for further consideration and report, and that Edinburgh, and probably many another place, will witness further conflicts on these apparently absorbing themes. Some lovers of books think it would be a pity if the authorship of *De Imitatione Christi*, *Eikon Basilike*, or the *Letters of Junius* should ever be conclusively discovered; for then, what would there be left to discuss? The librarians evidently dread that when they have settled the cataloguing, the size notation, and a few other questions, they will have no other worlds to conquer. More respect is due to the discussions attendant on the proposed general catalogue of English literature. Of course this great undertaking can only be accomplished with the active aid of the British Museum Trustees, and it is satisfactory to hear that some advance towards a solution of the difficulty has been made during the year. In the first place, Mr. Bullen was able to announce that the first portion of the undertaking, the cataloguing of the earliest English works down to the year 1640, is already about half completed, and, contrary to an assertion in the

Quarterly Review, the Trustees have no idea of stopping the scheme. It is not intended that the Catalogue should be merely a list of the earliest English works on the shelves of the British Museum Library; the title of every book that may be forwarded, either by the custodians of other libraries or private collectors, will be included. For the period between 1640 and the present time no arrangement has yet been made; but as regards accessions, something is about to be done. Mr. Bond, it was stated, is considering the desirableness of substituting print for manuscript for the record of current entries, Mr. Garnett remarking that, although the cost of printing would be greater, it would be cheaper than writing the entries now and having to print them afterwards. By force of circumstances, by the fact that the rapid multiplication of books is leading to the creation of manuscript catalogues which are unmanageable from their very bulk, the Museum authorities are at last compelled to resort to type, the adoption of which a quarter or half a century ago would have been of inestimable benefit to the national library and to English literature.

ENGLISH COUNTRY INNS.

THE English country hostelry has had a halo of romance thrown round it by writers who flourished in the old coaching days. Everybody is familiar with the posting inn as depicted in the pages of Dickens, when the beaming landlord appeared on his threshold to help the visitors out of the postchaise, and see them ushered into a sitting-room where dinner was served on the shortest notice. There was a hearty profusion everywhere about the house, and the very atmosphere was redolent of sumptuous living. The juiciest of joints were turning and the plumpest of poultry basting before the roaring fire in the spacious kitchen; for that was before people had taken to economizing their fuel, and patent cooking-ranges were still undreamed of. Post-boys in travel-stained attire were seated behind mighty barons and sirloins, at which they might cut and come again; while guards and coachmen off duty for the time were hobnobbing over foaming tankards. In those happy days for the landlords and their customers, beef and mutton were comparatively cheap; and very likely the host brewed his own ale, priding himself on the "strike" and quality. There was an abundance of custom to keep things going, and the barrels were scarcely likely to spoil in the hottest summers for want of speedy drinking. There was a perpetual cracking of whips and rumbling of wheels under the archway that led to the ample stable-yard; the consumption of hay and oats was so great that a clerk was required to check off the accounts; and every now and then came a rush of customers when some flying stage-coach pulled up at the door. The passengers were supposed to breakfast or dine, as the case might be; and exceedingly liberal provision was prepared for them. We have dim recollections ourselves of those jolly old coaching breakfasts, and, if distance does not lend enchantment to the retrospect, extraordinarily luxurious meals they were. It was pleasant, especially in the depth of winter, coming from the biting cold into the warm air, and seeing the tea-pots and coffee-pots smoking on the hospitable board. The bustling waiters swept away the battered covers from piles of chops and steaks, ham, kidneys, and sausages, served punctually to the moment and piping hot; while the spaces left between these more solid dishes were filled with such trifles as eggs and toast. The ponderous sideboard was a show in itself, and as you admired the blushes of the ruddy ham and the silvery splendour of the gigantic round, you only regretted that time was so short, not to speak of the stomach's limited capacity. Then special localities had their special delicacies. There were sure to be superb salmon cutlets from Tay or Tweed at Perth or Berwick; trout at Carlisle from the rushing Cumberland streams; eels among the sluggish waters of the midlands; hampers from the pools of "sandy-bottomed Severn." An epicure of fairly robust constitution might have done worse than make a flying coaching tour round the islands for the simple pleasure of breakfasting *en route* after a long night's sharp exposure. There could have been no great sense of repose for the sojourner in these places, but there was much material comfort by way of compensation, and the charges, as contrasted with present tariffs, would seem almost ludicrously reasonable. It is true, if you chose to sleep and dine, you were expected to call for something "for the good of the house"; but if you had the *carte du pays* and knew where to put up, that half-compulsory order might be an additional attraction. Not a few of the substantial old-fashioned landlords had as sound port in their cellar as the neighbouring squire; and if the host had an invitation to sit down with his guest, he would take care to fetch the bottle from the bin in the corner. As a rule, he was by no means bad company. He was on excellent terms with the rector and squire, and hand-and-glove with the lawyer and doctor. He knew something of everybody up and down the road, and heard all the gossip of the neighbouring counties. After "cracking a bottle" or so and an evening of social intercourse, you were placed thenceforward on the footing of a friend of the house, and might be sure that your tastes and wishes would be anticipated. And when the parting guest came to settle the score, he took his leave among the smiles of the establishment and felt that he had had value for his money.

The coaching-houses, with their ever-open doors, must have been a vast improvement on the more primitive inns which

they superseded. We get glimpses of what the older travelling used to be in the vivid pages of Fielding and Smollett, when lumbering coaches-and-six were apt to stick fast in roads which the rains had turned into quagmires; when the belated stage-wagon came jolting up to shoot out its contents from the trusses of straw; when horsemen who had joined company for protection took care to be within doors before it grew dark; when few people moved about except from absolute necessity; and when the arrival of guests was so exceedingly precarious that the larder was empty more often than not. Tom Jones and his faithful attendant Partridge often found the cupboards as bare as those of the Spanish innkeeper who, after promising Sancho the choice of all the delicacies under heaven, came to confess that he had nothing but a pair of cow-heels. They had to wait while the fowls were hunted down and killed that had been chuckling unsuspectingly at the moment of their arrival, or while a messenger was sent to the butcher for mutton fresh from the slaughter-house. And we are sorry to say that, since railways ran coaches off the road, things have been receding towards that primitive barbarism. There has been a controversy going on lately in some of the journals as to the comparative merits of French and English cookery—a question which we fancied had been settled long ago. But at least there can be no disputing as to the superiority of the French provincial inn, if not in point of accommodation, at all events as to its *cuisine*. In most of the French departments at all in favour with strangers, the tourist may live in plenty, and often in luxury. *Table d'hôte* repasts are the habit of the country, and an unspeakable blessing they are, on the whole, although the hour of dinner may be sometimes inconvenient. You are pretty sure to find a plentiful variety of fare, whether you may be wandering among the vines of Languedoc or the orchards of Normandy, in the wooded valleys of the well-watered Vosges, or among the sun-burned villages on the *coteaux* of the Lower Rhone. Nowhere are the tables more plentifully spread than in the picturesque little towns of weather-beaten Brittany. Fish, flesh, and fowl are served in succession, with a profusion of succulent vegetables in the season, and a tempting variety of fruits. It is true that the staple of the company is the *commis voyageur*; but what of that? If he eats by preference with his knife, and indulges in vagaries with his tooth-pick, he is generally well-mannered towards his foreign neighbours; and very often will be found on acquaintance to be as amusingly original as Alexandre Dumas's friend at Lucerne. In the English country inn you certainly need not eat in uncongenial company, but there is sometimes a difficulty as to eating at all. If you are not put positively upon short commons, the dietary is apt to be painfully monotonous. The changes are rung for breakfast on chops, steaks, and ham and eggs—all rather heavy comestibles at best, even when the meat is tender and the eggs are fresh. The tea comes too clearly from a country tradesman who has been unfortunate in his taster in Mincing Lane; the coffee is thick and turbid, and has apparently been ground about a month before; while in market-towns surrounded by the richest of pasture land they insist upon serving you with skim milk for cream. Still you can make a fair shift for breakfast, and we pity no man who grumbles at a luncheon of bread and cheese. But, after a long day's walk or drive in appetizing air and exhilarating scenery, one likes to look forward to a satisfactory dinner. What is offered you in nine cases out of ten, should you turn up unexpectedly, is the *menu* of the breakfast, with insignificant additions. Perhaps the chops may be rechristened as cutlets, and you have the option of a chicken into the bargain, which is sometimes skinny, and often ill kept. A good beefsteak is an excellent thing; but the secret of cutting and dressing steaks seems to be a monopoly of one or two of the London taverns. And, should you go beyond the ale, which may be good or bad, in place of the sound light claret or the tolerable *vin du pays* which may be found in most provincial inns of France, you have to stand the fiery ordeal of Hamburg sherry or rough it on an acid counterfeit of Medoc.

There are honourable exceptions, no doubt, especially in some of the boating hosteleries on the banks of the Thames. But things, as a rule, are much as we have described them. Then the coffee-room is anything but a cheery apartment. It is generally low and dark; it is encumbered with dining-tables and a heavy sideboard, with possibly an uncompromising sofa of horse-hair, while the easy-chair in which you might lounge and doze is invariably conspicuous by its absence. Smoking in the coffee-room is against the regulations of the establishment, and there is seldom a smoking-room to which you may retire. Still it might serve for the purposes of feeding, if you could take refuge in your bedchamber of a wet day, or when the evening hours begin to hang heavily. But an English bedroom, even in the more pretentious hotels, has been arranged strictly for purposes of sleeping. It perpetuates the old funeral traditions of faded carpets and gaunt four-posters, with a wardrobe or creaky chest of drawers, where you might stow away the contents of a packing-case. If you try to use the toilet-table for writing purposes, you find that it is halting on unequal legs, and trembles at every movement of the pen. How different from the little apartment on the Continent, which, however humble it may be, makes some pretensions to coquetry, with its gay curtains of chintz, a light single bed thrust into a corner, and a table with more or less elbow room, where you can lay out your books and writing materials. In a season less discreditably watery than the present, England ought to be one of the most enjoyable countries in the

world for a leisurely tour with no definite purpose. In its scenery and architecture in parish after parish you are charmed with changing objects of attraction, and in little towns and great villages, scattered over the length and breadth of the counties, you come upon what ought to be comfortable quarters. But the inns undoubtedly leave much to desire, and the scheme of their arrangements is essentially faulty. We should say that there is here a most profitable opening for enterprise, and that some cheap and simple reforms would give an extraordinary impulse to their business.

PORTUGUESE FINANCE.

THE loan brought out a few weeks ago by a French banking establishment has directed attention anew to the finances of Portugal. With the criticism that has been passed upon that transaction we are not concerned here. It is enough to say that, if the loan is of a kind which ought not to be issued in a foreign country, a great many States of late have raised money where they should not. If, again, it be true that the Portuguese Government made a bad bargain, that is a matter rather for the Cortes than for the European public. What is of interest to English readers generally is not the details of this or that affair, but the credit and solvency of the Portuguese nation. This is of importance to us for many reasons. The little kingdom is our oldest and staunchest ally. To England it looks for protection against aggression, and for constitutional and commercial example. Moreover the country has made very considerable political progress, presenting a pleasant contrast in this respect to its bigger neighbour. And, lastly, we have large material interests at stake. More than half the whole trade of Portugal is with the United Kingdom, and gives employment to British ships, while no small part of the Portuguese debt is held by English investors.

Portugal, including Madeira and the Azores, has an area of nearly 36,000 English square miles, and a population, according to last year's census, of 4½ millions in round numbers. In other words, it is nearly as large as Ireland and Wales added together, but has fewer people by nearly half a million than Ireland alone. If we take Ireland at the period of her densest population, just before the potato famine, Portugal has only about half the number of inhabitants. These facts show how very sparsely the country is peopled. And when we add that the capital, Lisbon, has not quite 204,000 inhabitants, that there is only one other town, Oporto, with more than 100,000 inhabitants, and that, besides these, there are but two—Funchal and Braga—with as many as 20,000 inhabitants, it will be seen that the country is almost purely agricultural. A catalogue of its exports tells us the same thing; they are wines, cork in the rough, fruits, olive oil, salt, onions, potatoes, meat, fish, minerals, and marble. One occasionally hears from merchants who know Portugal, and who believe that England is fast losing her commercial pre-eminence, that the former country is building up a native manufacturing industry. It may be so, but there are no traces of it in the trade statistics of the Kingdom, nor do Her Majesty's Consuls speak of it in their well-informed reports. Nor is it only that the country is purely agricultural; it is also very backward in its agriculture. In an exceedingly interesting report on the trade of Lisbon Mr. Consul Brackenbury bears testimony to this more than once. We need cite only one extract. Recommending a reduction of our wine duties, he says "It is reasonable to suppose that a sufficient stimulus will be given to the Portuguese grower to induce him to lay aside the antiquated routine and the careless and indolent processes which too often present a really fine wine in such guise as to be not only unattractive, but positively disgusting, to palates not deadened by long familiarity with it." Not less strongly does he speak of the undeveloped state of trade. Lisbon itself is almost totally destitute of any facility for loading, discharging, sheltering, and repairing ships; while, in the words of the late Secretary of Her Majesty's Legation at Lisbon, the Portuguese tariff is described as "made to combine and aggravate in its provisions every objectionable feature to be found in tariffs of other States."

Such being the condition of the country—poor, backward, and dependent upon the annual produce of its soil—let us inquire what is the amount of its debt, how is it constituted, and does the revenue cover the yearly expenditure? According to Mr. Brackenbury's report above referred to, the internal funded debt amounted on the 30th of June last year to 48,947,556*l.*; the external funded debt to 34,190,666*l.*; and this year there has been raised a fresh loan of 1½ millions sterling. The whole funded debt at present, therefore, is 84,638,222*l.* The amount of the floating debt at the end of August last was a little under 2½ millions in round numbers; therefore the total indebtedness of Portugal is 87 millions, which is almost 19*l.* for every man, woman, and child in the kingdom. It must be added, however, that these figures are to a large extent nominal. The Portuguese Government, instead of offering a rate of interest that would enable it to raise its loans at or over par, has generally offered only 3 per cent., and consequently has had to borrow at an enormous discount. In reality it has not received half the nominal amount it has engaged to pay back. There are two disadvantages attaching to this. The first is the unfavourable impression made by the statement that the capital of the debt of so small a State amounts to 87 millions—an impression which no explanation entirely removes.

And the second is the burden that will be imposed if ever the credit of the country improves, and an attempt is made to reduce the debt. If it amounted to only half as much, and the rate of interest was 6 per cent., no more than 43½ millions would ever be repayable. But if the whole debt were bought in at 60, the amount repaid would be 52½ millions. However, this is a consideration that need not now be urged, as the debt is being increased, not reduced. Another point that ought not to be omitted is that a large proportion of the liabilities was incurred for the making of roads, railways, and ports, the laying down of telegraphs, the erection of lighthouses, the improvement of rivers, and other works tending to develop the resources of the country. The total borrowed for these purposes is not far short of one-fourth of the whole indebtedness. In the nature of things much of this outlay cannot be expected to yield any direct pecuniary return. A common road, for example, usually produces no revenue. But it is not on that account the less reproductive. Without it the farmer could not carry his corn to market. A part of the outlay is, however, already bearing fruit; for in this year's Budget National Property is estimated to yield 540,000*l.* And the returns may be expected to increase. Still, when every allowance has been made, it cannot be disputed that the debt is too large, that it is growing at a rate to inspire apprehension, if not checked, and that the annual charge it imposes is oppressive. That charge amounts to 2,603,000*l.* It has been pointed out that the charge, after all, is only about eleven shillings a head, against seventeen in this country. But the comparison is entirely misleading. The resources of the United Kingdom relatively exceed those of Portugal, not 55 per cent. only, but many times over. For example, factory operatives can be obtained in any number in Portugal for sixpence a day, and women and boys for fourpence. The charge for the debt, like the whole expenditure of the Government, is borne, not by the population, but by the income of the country. A comparison between the relative burdensomeness of the liabilities of different countries, to be of any value, ought to be based on the proportion of the national incomes which the Government takes from the people in each instance. But we know of no data which would enable such a comparison to be instituted in the case before us.

The most conclusive proof that the debt charge is excessive is furnished by the fact that the revenue does not cover the expenditure. In the financial year 1876-7 the deficit exceeded one and a half millions sterling; in 1877-8 it exceeded 1,100,000*l.*; for last year and the current year the deficits were estimated at not less than 667,000*l.* Assuming these estimates to be verified, the four years will leave accumulated deficits amounting in round numbers to four millions, or on an average a million per annum. Now in the Budget for the current year the total receipts are estimated at no more than 5,852,000*l.* The deficits for four years in succession have thus averaged over one-sixth of the entire revenue. It is as if our own deficits averaged 14 millions annually. It is true, indeed, that the deficits have been decreasing very largely. But even 670,000*l.*, with a total revenue of less than six millions, is an enormous deficiency. Mr. Brackenbury, in the Report already referred to, gives it as his opinion that Portugal is able to pay her way; that the real cause of the chronic deficits is to be found in the unskilful, unwise, oppressive system of taxation; that even with that system the receipts are steadily augmenting, and that a reform of the tariff would produce very great results. Considerably more than half the entire revenue is raised by Customs duties; in the current year's Budget they are estimated at 3,174,000*l.* But, as we have already seen, the tariff unites in itself nearly every objection that can be urged against such duties. There are no fewer than nineteen classes of duties, comprising 185 articles, and as many as 815 subdivisions. "Besides levying specific duties on some articles and *ad valorem* on others, the tariff levies an extra one per cent. on all, and three per cent. extra on the original duty." It will be understood, therefore, that it is difficult to tell under what category any given description of imported goods will fall, that disputes are frequent, delays inevitable, and costs enormous, and consequently that trade languishes. The first thing clearly necessary, then, is a reform of the tariff. If that were effected, the Customs revenue would doubtless grow rapidly, and income would soon overtake outlay, provided always that the outlay were not allowed to expand in the same proportion. Hitherto it has done so at an even quicker rate. Each deficit, by adding to the debt, swelled the expenditure; but still more operative was the large outlay on public works. We have seen above that about twenty-two millions of the debt were raised for public works purposes, yet the item still figures in each Budget. Thus, in the Budget for the current year, "Public Works and Trade" are estimated to cost 790,000*l.* No doubt the opening up of communications is greatly needed, but the country cannot afford the outlay. Even now, if this item were struck out of the Budget, equilibrium would be established. Another department in which very large savings are apparently practicable is the Ministry of Finance. In addition to the charge for the debt, that Ministry takes to itself the enormous sum of 1,138,000*l.*—a full fifth of the entire revenue. Retrenchment here seems to be called for. Lastly, the King's income—491,000*l.*—is very large. It is a twelfth of the whole revenue. The Army, Navy, Church, Justice, and Foreign Affairs seem to be very economically administered.

THE THEATRES.

SOME time ago, when speaking of Genest's collection of play-bills, we pointed out that the writers of former days were at least equal to those of our own time in the production of rubbish, and that it would scarcely be possible for any one to compose worse plays than some of those which were brought out during what is supposed to have been the great period of English acting. At the time when we wrote we could not illustrate this by reference to any work which still kept possession of the stage; but now an old drama has been revived which can hardly fail to convince those who have the misfortune to see it that our forefathers were sometimes pleased with pieces not a whit better than the silliest of those which are now performed in the suburbs or on the other side of the Thames. It would not be easy even for an author, who to feebleness of invention united a strong taste for bombast, to produce a worse play than *The Iron Chest*, by the younger Colman, which Mr. Irving has just revived at the Lyceum. The author's name, as need hardly be said, had considerable celebrity, and some of his pieces had much merit; but when he wrote *The Iron Chest* he was at his worst. He was quite unable fitly to use the story borrowed from Godwin's novel, and he so constructed his drama that it is scarcely intelligible. The dialogue—where it is his own—is fustian such as hardly pleases the gallery. Yet the piece had a great success in the early part of the century. It is true that when first brought out it failed; but this was attributed by the author to the fact that Kemble, who represented the principal character, was determined that it should be damned, in which case it must be said that Kemble showed his sense as he did when Ireland's *Vortigern* was produced. Subsequently Elliston and Edmund Kean made the play extremely popular. The public of those days was no doubt right in admiring these two actors, especially the latter; but it seems passing strange that the play should have been approved of in any way. From beginning to end it has nothing to redeem it, nothing that can amuse, nothing that can interest.

A short account of the plot and a few extracts from the dialogue will show what manner of piece it is that was much applauded by what was thought to be a highly critical pit. The story runs as follows:—The hero or villain of the piece, Sir Edward Mortimer, has, long before the action commences, committed a murder, and, like other murderers on the stage and off it, is tormented by remorse and by the fear of being found out. His secretary Wilford, who is nearly as great a bore to the audience as he is to his master, has suspicions that there is something wrong, and, learning from a garrulous old steward that Sir Edward Mortimer has been tried for the murder of a man who had insulted him, becomes greatly disturbed and distrustful of his employer. In conversation with him he casually mentions the fact that Alexander the Great conquered the world, but left unconquered his own passions, and that they led him "on petty provocation even to murder," whereupon the amiable Mortimer indulges in the following outburst:—

Wilford—Wilford, I—you mistake the character—
I, mark you—he—death and eternal tortures!
Slave! I will crush thee! crush thee into dust!
That no vile particle of prying nature
May—Ha, ha, ha!—I will not harm thee, boy—
O, agony!

[Exit.

Wilford is not unnaturally struck by Sir Edward's behaviour, and seeing that the key has been left in an iron chest which has long excited his curiosity, determines to find out what the chest may contain. On raising the lid he sees something which in some incomprehensible way proves to him that his respected master ought to have been dealt with by the hangman. He has not much time to meditate over the discovery; for Mortimer comes in, and, seeing what the enterprising secretary is about, at once points a pistol. He does not, however, kill him, and thus release the audience from their sufferings by bringing the play to an end; but, instead of shooting the inquisitive young man, addresses to him some intolerably bad blank verse. Afterwards he makes full confession to him, and then bids him be cautious and reveal nothing, in these emphatic lines:—

Be warn'd in time:
Trifle not with my feelings. Listen, sir!
Myriads of engines, which my secret working
Can rouse to action, now encircle you.
I speak not vaguely. You have heard my principle;
Have heard, already, what it can effect:
Be cautious how you thwart it. Shun my brother;
Your ruin hangs upon a thread: Provoke me,
And it shall fall upon you. Dare to make
The slightest movement to awake my fears,
And the gaunt wretch, bound naked to the stake,
Left on the heath to blister in the sun,
'Till lingering death shall end his agony,
Compared to thee, shall seem more enviable
Than cherubs to the damn'd.

Wilford thus entrusted with a secret, and at the same time threatened with the action of "myriads of engines," grows with good reason a little uncomfortable, and leaves the house. Being, it must be said, a very unlucky person, he is knocked down by a robber, and is afterwards captured when with the robber's companions, and taken back to Sir Edward Mortimer's house. There he undergoes a most eccentric trial before Sir Edward and his brother, the former, who acts as both prosecutor and judge, accusing him of theft. He of course protests his innocence, and implores that his box may be searched. This is done, and some

jewels are found in it which had been considerably placed there by Mortimer, who has thus sought to prove the young man a thief. Something besides the jewels is, however, found in the box. In the hurry of packing Mortimer happens to have thrust into it a full confession of the murder, with the knife with which the deed was done, so that when he is seeking to crush his secretary he is confounded himself. This highly probable incident is not unwelcome, as it brings the piece to an end. The wicked Sir Edward declares that he is "brain scorched" and "death struck," and then, after he has explained how ill he has behaved, and indulged in a little rant, his long flow of balderdash is at last concluded.

More sorry stuff than this feeble play was never written, and it is difficult to understand what reason a manager of Mr. Irving's ability can have had for producing it. He may have been misled by the fact that it was acted with great success by Elliston and Kean, and may have felt a worthy ambition to play in a part made famous by such actors; but he should have remembered that modern audiences have a much greater objection to bombast than those of former days, and have also a keener sense of absurdity. It is difficult to believe that any acting could now make playgoers take interest in such a piece as *The Iron Chest*, of which the incidents, so crudely taken from the novel, are about as probable as those of *Bombastes Furioso*. Scarcely possible is it that this play can please, but Mr. Irving most likely will not be slow to perceive the mistake he has made; and the murderous Mortimer and his inquisitive secretary will doubtless before long be sent back to shadowland, whence they should never have been summoned.

In strange contrast to this gloomy and obsolete work is the piece modelled after the latest Parisian fashion which has been produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre; this is an adaptation by Mr. J. Albery of Victorien Sardou's comedy, *Les Bourgeois de Pont-Arcy*. The merits and faults of this play are, strange to say, exactly the opposite of those which are usually found in dramas taken from the French. In this case the story, which is of course the work of the original author, is decidedly bad; while the dialogue for which Mr. Albery is responsible is very often excellent. He has not perhaps been fortunate in his management of the plot; but then it must be said that it is a very troublesome plot to deal with, and that the difficulties of giving the play an English dress must have been great indeed. Mr. Albery has endeavoured to make it thoroughly English, laying the scene in a country house called Deene Hall, and at a house in Steepleton, a neighbouring cathedral town. At the Hall there are found, when the piece begins, Sir Geoffrey Deene, a young baronet, Mabel Holme, his intended wife, and his mother, Lady Deene. The young man, who is of course the hero of the drama, is persuaded to mix politics with his wedding festivities, and to stand for the borough of Steepleton. There is already a candidate in the field, one Trelawney Smith, a man of some wealth, who is represented as a blockhead, entirely under the domination of a vulgar, pushing wife who is bent on following the difficult path which leads to "society," and who carefully conceals from the world and from her husband the fact that she has begun life as a music-hall singer. She has much to do during the first two acts, which relate principally to the contested election. There is, however, a suggestion of something more striking and interesting than borough politics. A mysterious woman who has come to Steepleton writes letters to Sir Geoffrey, imploring an interview. He refuses at first, but meeting her accidentally, consents, and tells her that, if she will come to Deene Hall that night, he will steal away from the ball-room, where there is to be dancing, and will meet her alone in a room which can be entered from the garden—a most improbable arrangement, it must be said. The lady, Marcelle Aubry, a young Frenchwoman of good birth, of course comes to the rendezvous, and has a hideous tale to tell to the unfortunate Sir Geoffrey. She has been the victim of the great wickedness of his father who deceived her by a false promise of marriage, and she is the mother of an illegitimate child. She is obliged to reveal this in order to prevent a great disaster. Her seducer had meant to aid her, and, in order to place her at the head of a large dressmaking establishment, raised by loan a considerable sum of money. At the time of his death a portion of this loan had not been repaid, and now the creditor, furious at delay, declares that, if he is not paid at once, he will bring to Deene Hall an agreement signed by the late baronet, which leaves no doubt as to his relations with Marcelle. If, however, his claim is satisfied, this agreement will be given up, and Marcelle promises that it shall be sent immediately to Sir Geoffrey. He of course sees that he must pay the money, and, having it fortunately at hand, produces it. Then follow a series of incidents which are intended to give great interest to the play, but which are certainly forced, and seem almost ludicrous. Marcelle, having received the money, which she puts in a bag, and having received back from Sir Geoffrey some letters of his father's which she had given him to read, has nought to do but to take herself off. Startled, however, at the appearance of Lady Deene, she leaves the bag and one of the letters on the table and runs away. Sir Geoffrey presently goes out of the room, without taking these with him; several people come in; the bag is opened, and the letter partly read; and, when Marcelle comes back for the money which she so wisely left behind her, she is detained and questioned. The baronet appears on the scene, only to make everything hopeless. He restores the money to Marcelle, and contrives to persuade the others that it was given her for certain wedding presents to be

made ready by her; but then unfortunately he goes on to say that the letter was written by him, and that it relates to trifling matters, being unaware that it has been opened, and that a tender expression in it has been read. Great horror is expressed at his perfidy, and he sees that he must either proclaim his father's guilt or allow it to be thought that he is Marcelle's lover. He chooses the latter course, and the act ends. In the last act everything, of course, is set to rights, and no small defect is it in the play that the manner in which things will be set to rights is apparent from the first. That the agreement sent by Marcelle will duly arrive with the post is obvious, and the agreement of course will show who the man was who ruined her. Some time has to pass before the explanatory document is delivered, and this is passed very disagreeably by the principal characters. Then the agreement arrives, and is presently read by an uncle of Sir Geoffrey's, who sees at once how things are. He feels it his duty to tell all to Lady Deane, who thus learns at once the wickedness of her husband and the surpassing nobleness of her son. She finds almost as much cause for joy as for grief; and, as she embraces her boy, the curtain falls.

That this is a weak and unpleasant story need hardly be said. We have spoken of the absurd nature of some of the incidents, and it is unnecessary to point out that the close of the play is calculated to leave a painful impression, despite the vindication of the devoted son. In its graver parts the drama is, owing to the radical fault of M. Sardou's conception, bad; in its lighter parts it is, owing to Mr. Albery's wit, often extremely good. He has, it is true, made a few bad jokes, which have very charitably been chosen for quotation; but these may well be forgiven in a piece which contains so many good ones. The play is admirably acted. All engaged in it do so well that it is impossible to single out any one for praise; and it is only necessary to say that the principal actresses are Mrs. Hermann Vezin, Miss Marion Terry, and Mrs. John Wood; the principal actors, Mr. Conway, Mr. Forbes Robertson, and Mr. Arthur Cecil.

NEWMARKET AND COBHAM.

WITH the end of September comes the first of a batch of Newmarket race-meetings, and those who care to run the risks of influenza and rheumatism by standing about on Newmarket Heath in autumn weather have ample opportunities afforded them of catching severe colds at the most cold-catching time of year. The weather on the opening day of the First October Meeting was cold, wretched, and showery. After the first favourites had won the two opening races, the great event of the day came on for decision. This was the Great Foal Stakes, for three-year-olds, a new race for the first day. A thousand pounds is added to the stakes, and as the entrance is twenty-five pounds or ten pounds forfeit, it is a race well worth winning. On this occasion it was worth 4.232. Only half-a-dozen horses started for it, but among these was Rayon d'Or, the winner of the St. Leger. Of course he was a very great favourite; but as he had to give 7 lbs. each to Discord and Ruperra, his victory was by no means regarded as a foregone conclusion. His jockey did not pursue the same tactics with him now as he did in the St. Leger, when he made his own running to all intents and purposes from end to end. For the first quarter of a mile Discord made the running, after which the favourite took the lead. At the T.Y.C. post Villager went up to Rayon d'Or's quarters as if he meant to pass him; but the effort was an unsuccessful one. When, however, the Abingdon Dip was reached, Discord ran up to the favourite in a far more business-like manner, not only reaching his quarters, but his neck, and there was a very pretty race home, Rayon d'Or winning cleverly, though not without a struggle. The most curious feature of the race was the wretched running of Ruperra. Throughout the race he was last, and he never made the least attempt at racing from the start to the winning-post. Despite this inglorious performance, he was made favourite, later in the day, for the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, but he was beaten in a canter by Bute, a horse which had been hitherto a very third-rate performer. The two famous two-year-olds Mask and The Song opposed each other in the Buckenham Stakes, the former being the favourite and winning by a length. There was a splendid race, resulting in a dead heat, between Preciosa and Telephone for a handicap, the third horse being only a head behind the leading pair. In the deciding heat Preciosa won in a canter. Telephone broke down very badly in his near foreleg.

Sabella, the winner of the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom, ran miserably in the First October Two-Year-Old Plate on the Wednesday morning. She is a very beautiful filly, and her breeding is unexceptionable; but she appears to have become so nervous and irritable that her running can never be depended upon. There was a dead heat for the race under notice between Cabul and Serpolette II., the former winning the deciding heat. The Great Eastern Railway Handicap was a dull affair, Lucetta, the favourite, winning in a canter. The best horse in the race was Master Kildare, but he was quite overweighted. Although a large field started for the Triennial Produce Stakes on the Thursday, backers laid as much as 4 to 1 on the Duke of Westminster's Bend Or. The race was a very hollow affair. Bend Or came away when he liked and won as he liked—The Song running second. On public running Bend Or appears to be the

best two-year-old of the season, although there are yet races to be decided at Newmarket this month which may prove the contrary. Thurio was a great favourite for the Newmarket October Handicap. He was to give Lord Clive 7 lbs.; but he was to receive 3 lbs. from Mandarin, the winner of the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot. After the horses had run for a quarter of a mile, Fortitude, a lightly weighted three-year-old, took up the running. Thurio, Mandarin, and Lord Clive gradually drew up to him, but Mandarin soon fell back, tired out under his heavy weight, and Thurio's burden told upon him long before the winning-post was reached. Lord Clive made a gallant attempt, but he could not catch Fortitude, who won by a length. Fortitude had been very little fancied before the race. The last race of the day was a match between Mr. Gretton, a partner in the firm of Bass and Co., and Sir John Astley. We have not a word to say against gentlemen riding in races; but when they ride little short of seventeen stone, we would suggest that it would be better for them to hire a couple of strong horses from the London General Omnibus Company than to flog along light thoroughbred horses until they break down under their ponderous burdens.

The St. Leger Stakes on Friday brought out the winner of the Doncaster St. Leger. Bay Archer, the winner of the Goodwood Stakes, and two other horses opposed him. The distance was over two miles, and, as the Goodwood Stakes is an even longer race, Bay Archer was considered to have a chance of victory, although odds were laid on Rayon d'Or, who was giving him 7 lbs. A horse belonging to the owner of Bay Archer made the running at a strong pace, until he was completely exhausted, when Rayon d'Or went to the front, running freely, and with the race apparently at his mercy. Bay Archer persevered, but he did not seem to be going as strongly as Rayon d'Or. As they neared the stand, however, Rayon d'Or suddenly flagged, in the way he has often flagged before, and allowed Bay Archer, who was struggling wearily on, to pass him. Hackthorpe won a large handicap under the crushing weight of 9 st. 12 lbs., but only by a head, after a severe struggle with a three-year-old which was carrying 5 st. 12 lbs. Bend Or cantered in two lengths in advance of a good field for the Rous Memorial Stakes. The only other horse in the race that carried as much weight was Mask, who only succeeded in running fourth.

A year ago we had occasion to notice the sale of the Middle Park Stud in conjunction with the Newmarket First October Meeting. This year the sale of the Cobham Stud immediately preceded the first of the Newmarket autumn meetings. The last Middle Park sale had realized 48,195 guineas; but the Cobham sale last month exceeded it by 6,000 guineas. On the other hand, a mare at Middle Park had been sold for 2,500 guineas; whereas the best price obtained for one mare at Cobham was 1,750 guineas. At Middle Park, however, the sale of the stud horses had been a complete failure; while at Cobham it was, at least in two instances, moderately good. Some seven years ago there were sanguine people who believed that there was no reason why a Company for breeding racehorses should not pay as well as any other Company. There are always men, unused to business, who imagine that almost any undertaking is certain to succeed, provided sufficient capital is laid out on it. Somewhat upon this principle the Stud Company was started. The shares were quickly taken up, and everything went on swimmingly at first. It was found remarkably easy to invest large sums in horseflesh. The first dispersion of the Middle Park Stud offered a splendid opportunity to the commissioners of the new Company. At that sale 124,000*l.* worth of thoroughbred stock were disposed of, and a large investment was made on behalf of the Cobham Stud. Among other lots, Blair Athol was purchased for 12,500 guineas. This was considered by many people an extravagant price, but in reality it was a very cheap purchase, as he repaid the Company 34,000*l.* He was sold the other day for 4,500 guineas, so that, allowing a fair sum for expenses, he must have brought in something like 25,000*l.* to the coffers of the Cobham stud. Nor have his stock been sold at extravagant prices; for in six years they have won more than 111,000*l.* There is much diversity of opinion as to the average price necessary for a remunerative return at sales of yearlings; but it is generally estimated at something very considerably below 364 guineas, which has been the average price received for yearlings at Cobham during the last six years. Almost any breeder would think himself extremely lucky at obtaining such a high average; and yet the Stud Company, like many other Companies, came, to grief, and was placed in the hands of official liquidators. The sale took place on the 18th and 19th of September; and, considering the present scarcity of money, it must be pronounced an unqualified success. The horses were sold alphabetically; and the eighth lot among the "A's," the mare Aruade, went for 850 guineas. When the "B's" began, the same mare's daughter, Bella, produced some very brisk bidding, and she had been run up to 1,200 guineas before the auctioneer's hammer fell. When on the Turf she had been rather a small mare; but, since she has been at the stud, she has grown into a lengthy, muscular animal, apparently strong enough to breed weight-carrying hunters. She is a grand specimen of a powerful thoroughbred mare. Crinon, who had been purchased by the Stud Company for 1,000 guineas, now realized 1,400 guineas. Eva, the dam of Evasion, who won the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, naturally attracted a good deal of attention. She is a short-legged, well-made mare, by Breadalbane out of Imperatrice. She had a seton on her shoulder, but this did not frighten purchasers, as she was sold for 1,650 guineas. One of the best-looking mares in the

sale was soon afterwards led into the ring. This was Jocosa, who brought in the highest price of all the mares—namely, 1,750 guineas. The proceeds of the first day's sale amounted to 24,210 guineas. On the second day, after Masquerade had been sold for 950 guineas to a foreign purchaser, her chestnut foal by Scottish Chief was bought by the Duke of Westminster for 1,100 guineas. This little thing has a white blaze and white legs, but it is very handsome, and about as promising as a foal can possibly be. Nevertheless, 1,100 guineas is a long price for a baby horse, only 6 months and 3 days old. We have already noticed the sale of Jocosa for 1,750 guineas on the first day. Her dam, Madame Eg-lantine, was brought out on the second day. This fine old mare is also the dam of Rosicrucian and The Palmer, but she is more than twenty years old; and, although she shows but few signs of age, she only went for 370 guineas, a price at which, all things considered, she did not seem dear. The foals sold remarkably well, forty-eight making an average of 270 guineas apiece. Of the sires, Cadet, who walked a little lame, was sold for 400 guineas. Caterer, who is now in his twentieth year, was knocked down for 130 guineas. Considering that Blair Athol is eighteen years old, he seemed very well sold at 4,500 guineas, although he is quite the monarch of English thoroughbred horses at the present time. Wild Oats is a very rising sire, and it is quite possible that he may turn out a cheap horse at 2,500 guineas. The second day's sale brought in 30,340 guineas, making a grand total of 54,550*l.* When Mr. Tattersall valued the stud he estimated it, we believe, as worth only 40,000*l.* The entire stud was sold without reserve, but more than half the purchase money was given by one person on behalf, we believe, of a new Company, which proposes to carry on the breeding establishment on the same premises. Most of the best mares, as well as Blair Athol and Wild Oats, were purchased by the representative of the new firm, which does not seem at all afraid of paying high prices for its stock. Several foreign purchasers were present, and they bought a good many lots at moderate prices; but they did not persevere when the bidding ran high, and, upon the whole, we do not think that British thoroughbred racing stock will have received a severe blow through their purchases. After all, the best of the horses and mares will in all probability remain in their present quarters. Although the prices paid were high, there seems no reason why such a breeding establishment should not be successful, if judiciously managed.

REVIEWS.

THE PYTHOUSE PAPERS.*

THE rather important-looking volume before us is, we fear, not unlikely to disappoint the more exacting among amateurs of historical documents. The *Pythouse Papers*—the editor of which, by the way—might *salva dignitate sua* have condescended to enlighten exoteric ignorance as to the origin of their designation, for Wiltshire, though a charming county, is not the world—cannot precisely be said to furnish much new information concerning the periods from which they date; or, indeed, to offer many specially interesting illustrations of things already known in connexion with the times in question. This collection consists of a modest series of about fourscore letters, of which Mr. Benett-Stanford, the sitting member for Shaftesbury, is the fortunate possessor, and which Mr. Day (author, it appears, of the *Russian Government in Poland*) has edited—"and with an Introduction," as his title-page announces with a graceful *zeugma*. Of these letters the large majority belong to the era of the great Civil War, being mainly addressed to one of its most prominent personages, Prince Rupert. We confess to having been puzzled by the leading part played by Prince Rupert in this correspondence, till at last (in page xcvii. of Mr. Day's ample Introduction) we learnt how it was as Secretary to King Charles's "Nephew" that Mr. Benett-Stanford's ancestor, Colonel Benett, came into possession of these letters, and of a series of others belonging to the Prince, and "breviated" in a summary probably drawn up by his secretary. This Colonel Benett appears afterwards to have been known under the cheerful name of "honest Tom Benett" among his fellow-sympathizers with Lord Shaftesbury and the Protestant Flail; and the volume before us concludes with a decidedly instructive and amusing budget of communications addressed to him by his "uncle" William Benett, with reference to an election for Shaftesbury in the year 1681, at which "honest Tom Benett" was returned at the head of the poll in the blue interest, but not without the aid of influences confirmatory of, rather than cognate with, that of Protestant enthusiasm. Between these two series there is a third and very brief one of letters addressed by the Mr. William Benett aforesaid to his mother concerning—not, as Mr. Day's title-page states, the Popish Plot, but that lying invention's homogeneous aftergrowth—the so-called Meal-tub Plot.

We cannot very warmly congratulate Mr. Day on the skilfulness of his Introduction, although he has done his best to make its length worthy of one who has written about the wrongs of Poland. "It is needless," he observes with commendable candour, "for

* The *Pythouse Papers*: Correspondence concerning the Civil War, the Popish Plot, and a Contested Election in 1680. Transcribed from MSS. in the possession of V. F. Benett-Stanford, Esq., M.P. Edited, and with an Introduction, by William Ansell Day. London: Bickers & Son. 1879.

the purpose of illustrating the letters before us to compose an elaborate essay on their authors—yet” he says a great deal more than is required from the most conscientious of editors, without saying it very aptly or very well. Concerning Sir Jacob Astley, Henry Hastings (Lord Loughborough), and other secondary contributors to this correspondence, it was indeed well to refresh our memories. The Duke of Newcastle and Sir Samuel Tuke might have received some additional notice in their quality of dramatists. But of Prince Rupert, the real hero of this volume, a more complete biographical sketch, and even a more careful estimate, would have been opportune and welcome. In return, we could have well spared an attempt—made in a most praiseworthy spirit, but something after the manner of the chairman of a Discussion Society—to balance the merits against the shortcomings of Charles I., which may possibly confuse by its impartiality in placing the King’s “energy and faith” over against his “irresolution and fraud.” The unfortunate (but in the end not inconsolable) Elizabeth of Bohemia is eulogized with a gush of enthusiasm worthy of the Inns of Court men and other loyal poets of her own father’s reign; though, if she “had every attribute which can make a woman beloved and revered,” she must be said to have shown little capacity for helping her husband to maintain and secure the position which her ambition, above all, had induced him to assume. On the other hand, we altogether demur to the contemptuous tone adopted by Mr. Day with regard to Charles II. as a politician, and we dispute the historical truth of the statement that he “was endowed with every power and prerogative his Father wielded.” It has often been a marvel to us why Englishmen will persist in regarding the Restoration as intrinsically an act of national self-prostration, and in confounding the sober-minded men who exacted definite guarantees from the restored Stuart with the mob which huzzaned in his honour along the Dover road. Possibly the experience of a very different class of Prefaces and Introductions has so far spoilt us as to make us look in such essays for indications of something like thoroughness of historical knowledge and comprehensiveness of reading. But the editor of a collection of letters chiefly concerned with one of the Palatinate Princes might not unreasonably have been expected to have gathered from recent accounts of the foreign policy of Crown and Parliament in the first two Stuart reigns a suspicion of the improbability of Prince Rupert’s having indulged in reflections like the following:—

The men who had striven to uphold his Father’s throne were the Parliament and people of England; the men who had checked their enthusiasm and thwarted their endeavours were the King and the courtiers by whom he was surrounded and led. He must have felt too, that his own exertions had all been levelled against the friends of his house and name, and that he had thrown in his lot with the men whose assistance might have saved, but whose indifference accomplished the overthrow of his Father and his Father’s house.

Supposing Prince Rupert to have gone very accurately into the matter, he would probably have arrived at a very dissimilar view as to the “indifference” of his uncle (or, for that matter, of his grandfather) towards the Palatinate cause, and as to the “endeavours” in support of it on the part of the Parliament. But we venture to surmise that the spirit in which he fought, and the spirit in which at Bristol he abstained from fighting, were alike those of a captain of the great Continental war with which he had been born, and in which he had been, as it were, bred; and Mr. Day’s suggestion, based though it is upon a skilful hint in Fairfax’s missive, is really beside the mark. We cannot make the same charge against the observation in another part of the Introduction that the “ quaint language and Scriptural phrases and images ” employed by the Roundheads are not to be regarded as in themselves evidence of hypocrisy, inasmuch as the probable reason was that the Bible was these men’s only literature. Mr. Day points with great readiness and freshness of mind to the analogy of “the common conversation of the Dissenters of the present day, and indeed many of the Churchmen, in East Sussex.” Many of our readers may have observed the same phenomenon in the various divisions of various other counties.

The character and career of Prince Rupert, to whom, as we have said, the large majority of the letters in this volume are addressed, present few points of real doubt or difficulty to the student; nor is it likely that historical inquiry will ever lead to an alteration of the current view concerning his place among the generals of the Civil War. Clarendon (to say nothing of Clarendon’s commentators) was evidently not one of the Prince’s warmest admirers; and his animadversions upon Rupert’s conduct at Marston Moor are not tempered by a willingness to find excuses such as are suggested for the conduct of Newcastle. But the unhappiest event in Rupert’s military career was no doubt the surrender of Bristol, after receiving the news of which King Charles wrote to his nephew a letter such as has been rarely addressed to a commanding officer, revoked all his commissions, and gave orders for the imprisonment of his chosen friend “honest Will Legge.” The King afterwards cleared Prince Rupert’s honour by causing a declaration to be drawn up absolving him, as Clarendon puts it, “from any disloyalty or treason in the rendering of Bristol, but not of indiscretion.” This declaration is printed among the Pythouse Papers, and is there followed by a curious anonymous letter addressed to Prince Rupert about the same time, entreating him not to neglect anything within his power “to make peace with fortune.” Advice of this sort seems to have been often deemed necessary for the reckless Prince; thus his brisk correspondent Henry (from 1643 Lord) Percy manifests particular

anxiety that one important influence may be conciliated by proper courtesy:—

Your best friends doe wish that when the power is put absolutely into your hands you will comply soe farre with the King’s affaires as to doe that which may content many, and displease fewest; your successe in armes I hope will not make you forgett your civility to Ladies. This I say to you from a discourse the Queene made to me this night, wherein she told me she had not received one letter from you since you went, though you had writt many, which is a fault you must repair.

But he returns to the charge on the following day. Lord Percy, whom, as Mr. Day reminds us, Clarendon appears to have cordially disliked, appears in no unamiable light in these letters; and it is amusing to find the English cavalier encouraging the German Prince in his efforts to suit himself to an English institution which no German has ever borne with absolute comfort:—“I am very glad to heere you begin to be reconciled to Sunday, but I desire you never to be to the day of the Lord.”

Some other incidental passages in the Civil War letters in this collection are worth noting. A letter from the King, bearing date November 12th, 1643, shows how high his spirit still was then, when he could characterize as “a damnable Ley” the report that he and his wife were treating for a peace, and relates how he had protested “against hearing from any of them” (i.e. “those who call themselves the Parliament”) “except from Essex as Queene Elizabeth and my Father treated with Tyron being the cheefe Rebells.” The year 1643 had been one of chequered fortune to the Royal cause; but not all the King’s officers had been so unfortunate as Sir Arthur Aston, who writes:—

I doe wish with all my harte that either I had sum German souldiers to command, or that I coule infuse sum German corrage into them, for Y^r English Commen souldiers are so poore and base that I could never have a greater affliction light upon me than to bee put to command any of them.

At a later date (January 1645) the Field-Marshal-General Lord Astley gives a very unsatisfactory account of his soldiers, and of the feelings entertained towards them by the country people; and it may be noticed that he speaks of his “Gaurisons” as unwilling to “goe out upon the Enemy (especially such as goe under the name of Reformadoes)” —which latter designation we are unable to explain if Mr. Day’s “1645” is N.S., so that the term could not refer to the New Model. In due course Charles II. appears on the scene, writing from Paris to his dearest cousin, to assure him that “I am not only without money, but have been compelled to borrow all that I have spent neere these three months, so that you will easily judge how soon three thousand and six hundred pistols will be gone.” More interesting is a letter from Secretary Nicholas, dated Cologne, February 1656-7, containing some curious information as to the vigorous Protestant foreign policy of Cromwell, and ending with gossip as to “Cromw” being in great fryghte att present, and of the change of his gards, having now every nyght 60 soldiers that gard him where he lodges.” Such rumours were the consolation of the Royalists for the tidings of the Protector’s close intelligence with Sweden and articles of peace and agreement with France.

The letters contained in the concluding pages of this volume belong to the years 1679 and 1680, and are certainly more vivacious in manner than their predecessors. The reason is partly that they are of a familiar kind and chiefly deal with local and personal topics, partly that gentlemen were beginning to write more “at ease” in the days after the Restoration than had been their fashion in the former half of the century. Some of the correspondents of Prince Rupert certainly write in a hopelessly congested style; see, for instance, the congratulatory epistle of the Duke of Richmond and Lenox, in p. 18 of this collection, with which the next letter, from the Marquess of Newcastle, pleasantly contrasts. But Newcastle was a man of letters and a dramatist. Mr. William Benett, the author of the post-Restoration letters in this volume, rattles away with great vivacity, whether he is furnishing his honoured mother with the news from town, or reporting to his kinsman, Colonel Benett, the progress of the election campaign at Shaftesbury. The reports in question would suffice to remove any belief in the novelty of the electioneering processes of later times. Here is the active local manager, Mr. William Benett himself, whose fee seems to have consisted in a good word on behalf of his son with regard to the next vacant prebendal stall at Gloucester. Here are the influential men in the borough, “Mr. Murrel and about 30 more of our best and leadinge voyces.” Here are mines and countermines, “randyes upon randyes,” and a bit of a fight on election day. Here, too, is the “tappe runninge daye and night,” and “the basely gripeinge Landlord Ned Willes,” whose bill, when called for next morning, told of “30 ordinarie, 7 lb in wine, sacke as his wife sayd, that persuaded people to drinke it, in good earnest it was not worth a groat a quart.” And so “honest Tom Benett” was returned, and the great statesman who had originally sent down a letter recommending him to the electors had another supporter. Mr. Day quotes in a note the instructions or programme which the great Opposition leader drew up for his partisans, probably in the very Parliament for which Colonel Benett’s election was secured by the efforts of his relative. In following one who thus combined the functions of leader and whip, there was little opportunity for adhering to the *suaviter in modo* of the Benett family motto.

HENRICI'S ELEMENTARY GEOMETRY.*

WHEN, some months ago, we noticed Mr. Dodgson's *Euclid and his Modern Rivals*, we said in effect that none of the systems criticized by Mr. Dodgson had entered on the one way in which rivalry with Euclid in the treatment of elementary geometry could be made a serious and substantial enterprise. That way, we ventured to suggest, would be to set forth geometry frankly as a physical science, to bring out explicitly the fundamental assumptions as to the nature of space which for the most part are made tacitly by Euclid and his editors and improvers, and to introduce the ideas and methods of modern geometry at the earliest possible stage. At the time of thus writing we had not seen Professor Henrici's manual, which seems to have been published at the beginning of this year; and we may certainly presume that Mr. Dodgson did not see it in time to give his attention to it; for he would have found in it matter for much graver consideration than the majority of Euclid's modern rivals appeared to him to deserve. Professor Henrici's undertaking is thus far executed only in part; but this first part is enough to show that it is exactly such a one as we wished to see tried. Nor could the experiment be conducted by more thoroughly skilled hands. What we have here is not an amended or modified Euclid; not even a freer handling of Euclid's matter on a similar general plan; but a wholly fresh exposition from the point of view suggested by modern developments of the science. It might be rash to pronounce on the chances of immediate success without considerable practical acquaintance with mathematical instruction. But it seems tolerably clear that only in this direction can we look for anything that shall go much beyond a judicious re-editing of Euclid. Such matters as the substitution of Playfair's axiom of parallels for Euclid's twelfth axiom, and the introduction of it only when it is wanted, the generalizing of Euclid's proofs where they admit of it, and the shortening of his work by the application of simple rules of logic, are fairly within an editor's province, and leave the substance of Euclid's method untouched. The work and the tools are on the whole the same; the alterations are only in details of workmanship. But meanwhile modern geometry has been going its own way, and making (in the first instance for purposes not at all contemplated by Euclid) a new set of tools. Once being made, these tools can be used for the elementary processes also, and Professor Henrici's object is to accustom the learner to them from the beginning. "I have undertaken this book," he says, "from the desire to prepare students from the very first for those modern methods of which the method of projection and the principle of duality are the most fundamental." At present those who do not pursue their study of geometry to any great extent remain cut off from the modern world of mathematical science; they have only learnt the facts of elementary geometry by an ancient method, which, being anterior to the formal development of logic, is logically clumsy and redundant, and yet in many cases has to do duty for all logical training. In fact it is a not uncommon belief in England that the school course of Euclid is a training in logic of itself; and many of the common arguments for retaining Euclid as a text-book with the least possible alteration are, so far as they have any real force, arguments not for teaching geometry out of a particular book, but for the systematic teaching of logic on its own merits. On the other hand, students who go beyond Euclid soon find themselves in regions where Euclid's method and manner of looking at things are of comparatively little use; and they have to acquire a new set of ideas at a time when the imagination is already less flexible and retentive, and therefore at an increased cost. The introduction of the new ideas at an earlier stage, if it can be effected, will save this cost and make future advances much easier. Clearly, therefore, it is well worth trying.

It would not, indeed, be too much to say that sooner or later Professor Henrici's object must be attained. In every science the like process has taken place; the work of inquirers in the higher branches has reacted on the fundamental ideas of the science, first in the minds of a few masters, then among the advanced students who follow them; and at last, after more or less delay, these results find their way into ordinary teaching and become thoroughly current. This has happened of late years, for example, with mathematical physics, where both definitions and method have been largely recast. In English law the introduction of really systematic treatment and precise definition of terms is almost entirely due to the scientific impulse given by Bentham's work on the theory of legislation. The teaching of grammar, again, is being transformed under the influence of modern philology. It is hardly conceivable that geometry alone should be exempt from this general law of reaction; and perhaps we should find it to be part of the law that the effects of the process are slowest to appear in the sciences which have been longest established. In astronomy, the oldest of all, archaic language and images are still freely employed; in philology, the oldest after astronomy and geometry, the elements are still very little changed; while in the modern physical sciences, and still more in political and moral science, new ideas and criticism spread rapidly, and are felt almost at once wherever the subjects are studied. The reason is simple enough; in the newer subjects there has not been time for a routine to get formed, and for a class of specialists to acquire an interest, partly

material and partly intellectual, in the routine not being changed. Much the same thing happens in philosophy, where the old routine has been broken up without any new one commanding general assent.

Let us now see how Professor Henrici presents the leading ideas of geometry to the learner. His procedure is in form the reverse of Euclid's at the outset. Euclid begins with a point; Professor Henrici begins with space. Euclid makes no direct appeal to experience; Professor Henrici starts explicitly from the fact, as an observed fact, that all bodies in space agree in having shape, size, position, and capability of being moved. Geometry is defined as the science which treats of the properties of space. The notion of a surface is formed by considering it as the boundary of a solid; in like manner lines are conceived as the boundaries of surfaces, and points as the boundaries of lines. The meaning of *dimensions* is also carefully explained, instead of being taken as involved in the common notions of length, breadth, and thickness; and the term *spread* is introduced in the technical sense, hitherto not familiar to elementary students, of a continuous aggregate of elements. Further, the ideas of motion and *sense* of motion (expressed, where needful, as positive or negative as in analytical geometry and trigonometry) are used from the first. The axioms of space are given as follows, an axiom being described as a statement obtained by experience:—

Axiom I. *Space is of three dimensions*, or, in equivalent terms: Space is a three-way spread with points as elements. (This is implied in Euclid's definition of a solid.)

Axiom II. *Figures may be moved in space without change of shape or size*; implying that space is everywhere alike. (This is tacitly assumed by Euclid, but nowhere stated.)

Axiom III. *A figure with two points fixed can still be moved, but only in one way, though in either sense, and will, if moved far enough in either sense, return to its original position.* (This is not used by Euclid in plane geometry. Professor Henrici's explicit statement makes it fair to use afterwards proofs in which the plane of the paper is supposed to be turned about some axis in the figure considered and folded over on itself; a process now and then employed without warning in recent semi-Euclidean books of geometry, and in such usage justly open to criticism.)

Besides these we have as axioms the data necessary and sufficient to determine a straight line and a plane; the notions of straightness and flatness being taken in the first instance as roughly collected from experience. And in due course it is shown that parallels exist (a preliminary neglected by some of the modern text-books), and the axiom of parallels is given in Playfair's form; thus completing the assumptions which determine the character of Euclidean space. The alternative of Lobatschewsky's imaginary geometry is also stated as theoretically conceivable, and the Euclidean axiom is supported by a direct appeal to the experience of measurements on a large scale. Professor Henrici has properly refrained from entering in an elementary work upon any discussion of the supposed necessary and universal quality of geometrical truth; but it is not difficult to see what he thinks. In order to facilitate the statement and arrangement of proofs, a digression on logic is introduced after the second chapter. This is not only useful, but hardly more than has already been found necessary by editors of Euclid.

As soon as the definitions of plane and line are settled (throughout the book *line* is used as an abbreviation for *straight line*) the learner is introduced to the conception of *reciprocal figures*—namely, figures such that lines in the one correspond to points in the other, and points to lines. By this method we conceive a pencil of lines through a point as reciprocal to a row of points on a line, and arrive at an angle as the figure reciprocal to a segment of a line. Angles being considered from the first as generated by the turning of a ray or half-ray of a pencil, there is no limit to their possible magnitude, and *sense* as well as magnitude is always attributed to them. Among the most important of the succeeding chapters is that on Symmetry. We have seen that by starting from space of three dimensions and making his assumptions explicit, Professor Henrici has entitled himself in the face of all men to fold over the plane of the paper when he thinks proper. In the same way, but with yet larger results, he gives a systematic general account of symmetry and correspondence. In Euclidean or semi-Euclidean treatment of elementary geometry it is considered slovenly and irregular, at least by most English authorities, to save trouble by appealing offhand to the learner's perception of symmetry. Professor Henrici teaches him first what symmetry and correspondence are, and is careful to teach it exactly. Thus the learner is led to acquire at once a more lively and real perception of the geometrical relations he has to deal with, which is in itself clear gain. No one has denied that the Euclidean methods of proof in most of the theorems on the congruence or identical equality of figures are artificial and circuitous; few have maintained that artificial reasoning is the best method of producing conviction or fixing in the mind the things proved, either in human knowledge as a rule, or in geometry as an exception. More than this, by the early exposition of symmetry, an instrument is grasped which will be found to give more and more power as the student goes further, instead of having, like Euclidean forms of proof, to be dropped as too cumbrous. The general theorems of symmetry about an axis and symmetry about a centre are set forth as reciprocal to one another in parallel columns. For the details the book itself must be consulted.

With the help of the principles of symmetry now fairly in

* *Elementary Geometry.—Congruent Figures.* By Olaus Henrici, Ph.D. F.R.S., &c. London: Longmans & Co. 1879. (In the London Science Class-Books.)

possession, the leading properties of the triangle are rapidly deduced. The square is arrived at as the most special case of a symmetrical quadrilateral. Another chapter belonging to what we may call the general part of the work explains the notion of a *locus*, with its reciprocal a *set of lines*. The circle is defined as being described by the revolution of a segment of a line about one of its end points, and then treated as the locus of points equidistant from the centre. In the succeeding chapter it is treated as the envelope of its tangents, as the set of lines equidistant from the centre; and, lastly, there is a chapter on the conditions necessary to determine a circle. The contents of this little volume are confined, be it observed, to the theory of congruent figures—that is, figures which can be made to coincide. Nothing is said as yet about equality of areas. We are to have something of this in a continuation; and Professor Henrici gives some notion in the preface of the extent to which the use of modern methods will be carried.

How far Professor Henrici's work may be open to criticism in detail we do not attempt to decide. It has seemed to us of more importance, the author's mastery of the subject being notorious, to call attention to its general scope and significance. We cannot, again, express any confident opinion as to its fitness to be used as an ordinary class-book under the present conditions of education. There can be no doubt, we think, that it would give more work to the teacher, and call for more intelligence on his part, than Euclid or any adaptation of Euclid; and though this is in itself no valid ground of objection, being the necessary accompaniment of all improvements in the art of education, it is apt to make some difficulty for a time. It may well be, too, that for the average learner Professor Henrici's method would be as hard as Euclid in the beginning, or even something harder. On the other hand, it would be impossible with such a book as this to scamp the intellectual work and make learning by rote serve the turn, as is too often done with Euclid. And, in any case, there is this great makeweight on Professor Henrici's side—the learner who has mastered the difficulties of this book is on the high road to modern geometry; he who has only mastered the difficulties of Euclid, at any rate as commonly taught, is not.

THE AFGHAN KNIFE.*

SCOTT'S well-known advice regarding the choice of a title for a novel was much needed by the author of this Indian tale. The great novelist, in the introduction to *Ivanhoe* (Abbotsford edition), remarks that the name should convey no indication whatever of the nature of the story; adding, that when we meet with such a title as the Gunpowder Plot, or any other connected with general history, each reader forms for himself some idea of the contents, is probably disappointed after perusal, and visits the unlucky author with his displeasure, who is blamed, "not for having missed the mark" at which he really aimed, but "for not having shot off his shaft in a direction he never thought of." We will venture to say that any reader taking up the work before us will conceive it to relate to frontier warfare and Trans-Indus intrigues, and may probably anticipate that somehow about the end of the third volume he will be horrified by an attack on a Lieutenant-Governor, or the assassination of a Chief Justice. It is quite true that we do hear something of Afghans and Wahabees in the course of the story; but the proper title for this Indian novel would have been "Grace Lufton," or "Grace and Fazilla," or "A Story of the Indian Mutiny." This, however, is anticipating matters, and though we would amend the title, we have little to alter or find fault with in the book. Mr. Sterndale has produced a story in which there are few exaggerations and no impossibilities. The plot is fairly conceived and well worked out; the situations appropriate, dramatic, and striking; and the characters think, speak, and act pretty much as they might do in Anglo-Indian life.

The scene is laid at Sasseram, once a well-known resting-place on the Grand Trunk Road between Calcutta and Benares, in times before the railway, and celebrated as the burial-place of one of the Afghan Kings of Delhi. This town in the novel is the residence of a Deputy Magistrate, a young Mohammedan named Karimullah, the son of a hunchback who had the modest employment of a record-keeper in one of the public offices, but who sent his son to be educated at the *Madrasah*, or Mohammedan college in Calcutta; whence, by natural quickness, sound education, and the discriminating patronage of superiors, he rose to be a Deputy Magistrate at the age of thirty-five. Mr. Sterndale, by the way, merely talks of a "Principal" and a "College," which we have taken the liberty to identify with the Calcutta *Madrasah* for the education of Mohammedans. To have brought up Karimullah at the Hindu or the Sanskrit college would be as serious a blunder as to give a Wrangler's degree to an undergraduate at Oxford. Karimullah has an uncle, Sheikh Rahmat Ulla, a benign, plodding, orthodox old physician, extremely charitable, who practises medicine after the fashion of his forefathers, but is a reformer or professor of the pure faith of the Wahabees. Rahmat Ulla is blessed with a grandson, Abdul, and an adopted daughter, Fazilla, and it is almost needless to add that the latter is sought in marriage

by the Deputy Magistrate, though she, very properly, falls in love with her playmate Abdul. To this subdivision of Sasseram there comes, in the beginning of the story, a certain Hadji, who, as a Wahabi, has long vowed vengeance against the race of infidel rulers of the land, and who, by the help of the Deputy Magistrate and a little quiet forgery of certificates, gains admission as an orderly to the service of Mr. Lufton, Judge of the station of Amanpur. The author, by the way, might avoid taking names from novels of Mr. A. Trollope, in which Lord and Lady Lufton have figured more than once. Amanpur, or "the city of security," is the name given ironically to an up-country station of the non-regulation size and pattern, at the commencement of the Sepoy Mutiny in the hot season of 1857. We say "non-regulation," for we find a military man as Civil Commissioner—which could not be the case in the North-West Provinces; Mr. Lufton, with his fair daughter Grace, as Judge; a Deputy Commissioner and a Scotch doctor; and a regiment of native infantry, with its complement of English officers. The residents of this station are depicted as passing their time as hundreds of other Englishmen and Englishwomen were doing in that eventful summer; but there is early mention of a certain Thakoor of Asalgurh in the neighbourhood, who had just died, leaving his widow with an infant heir to brood over the loss of dignity and privileges which, in the days when annexations were in fashion, sometimes served as pretexts for mere frothy declamation, and at others might palliate active disloyalty. The sketch of this Rajpoot lady, with her beauty, her ambition, her fierce hatred of the English, her skill in conception and daring in action, is obviously taken from the real Rani of Jhansi.

At this point it seems to have occurred to Mr. Sterndale that he might vary the usual programme of Anglo-Indian stories by providing Miss Lufton with a lover outside the civil and military services. And accordingly he transports us for a chapter or two to Florence, where Mr. Lufton is enjoying his leave previously to his return to India, and he introduces us to a certain Paul Stanford, a young and handsome Englishman and an amateur painter; to two or three Italians; and to a Prince, who passes for an Egyptian, but who is an Indian Syud. It is quite right that this latter should be described as a man of polished manners and exquisite address, and conversant with several languages, including English and Persian; but he has, as might be expected, "an angry glitter" in his dark eye, a sneer on his well-cut lips, and the face of a basilisk. The career of the notorious rebel Azimullah fairly justifies the portrait of this Syud. While the discontented Mohammedan discusses Indian politics with a Russian spy, gives Paul Stanford a capital dinner, and confides to him, as an outsider, his indifferent opinion of the Anglo-Indian Government, Paul himself falls in love with Miss Grace Lufton. The father sanctions the engagement provisionally for three years, and carries his daughter off to India; while Paul is left to study Florentine masters and live a lonely life. It is consoling to reflect that Mr. Stanford has 800*l.* a year of his own; and, as there is only one life between him and a baronetcy and Longwood Hall, we feel sure that in proper time there will be no difficulty in getting rid of the next heir. But a great deal has to be done and endured first. From visits to galleries and the studies of English amateurs and scraps of Italian conversation, which, to say the truth, are rather commonplace and unnecessary, we are glad to get back to India, and the biographies of Nawabs and Deputy Magistrates, hired clubmen, and wiry *shikaris*, with whom the author is quite at home. The Mutiny breaks out, after the usual rumours about ground bones, polluted cartridges, pig's fat, help from Russia, and all the rest of it; and the peaceful station of Amanpur is involved in the general conflagration. Bungalows are fired; the grey-headed Colonel is shot by his own Subadar Major; the Judge's house is fortified and besieged; and its defenders have to capitulate. Mr. Lufton is made prisoner by the Rani in one place, and his daughter Grace in another. Here she finds a companion in Fazilla, the adopted child of the old physician Rahmat Ulla, who has been carried off by a band of ruffians at the instigation of the treacherous Deputy Magistrate, who is intriguing with the rebels while he is, to all appearances, actively doing his duty to the State which he serves. The other residents of Amanpur are foully murdered after the capitulation. Between Grace Lufton and the Mohammedan girl Fazilla there springs up a close attachment, and a deliverer turns up in the shape of the Hadji who had been Mr. Lufton's orderly, and whose fanatical spirit was much softened by the toleration and kind treatment he had experienced in the Judge's household. The two girls escape from prison by the aid of the Hadji and of Jorawur, a native hunter who had been cruelly maimed and ill-treated by the orders of the Nawab, in whom we recognize the dark plotter who talked such good English and gave such good dinners at Florence. The horrors of the mutiny have also brought out Paul Stanford, who rushes up the country and is saved from drowning in the Ganges by Abdul Rahim, the old physician's grandson. While these two youths are planning the rescue of their betrothed, the ladies go through all the vicissitudes of escape, recapture, and final deliverance when the Fort of Asalgurh is stormed. Paul Stanford while reconnoitring is seized by the troops of his former entertainer; but at once released with honour, and very shortly afterwards the rebels are driven from their position by the British troops. The Rani dies fighting, as her prototype did before the avenging forces of Lord Strathnairn. Bakr Mohammed, the Subadar of the revolted regiment, is captured and hanged, and the

* *The Afghan Knife*. By Robert Armitage Sterndale, F.R.G.S., Author of "Sonai; or, Camp Life on the Satpura Range." 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1879

Nawab or Syud makes his escape for the time with a few followers. Amongst the minor characters the two clubmen or bravoos, Jeswant and Beni Sing, who had been active in the abduction of Fazilla, are sentenced to be shot; but one of them gets off from under the very rifles of the party of soldiers told off to shoot them.

The Mutiny is now practically at an end, but several characters remain to be disposed of; notably the high-bred Syud, the stern Hadji, the false-hearted Deputy Magistrate, and the outlaw Beni Sing. Karimullah, the Deputy, who has been guilty in the course of the tale of every conceivable crime—abduction, attempt at poisoning, and the blackest treachery—meets with a fate which may be thought too good for him, at the hands of the Hadji's "Afghan knife." A mere incident in a story, when there is a good deal of shooting, hanging, torturing, and blowing from guns on one side or the other, should not, as we have remarked, have been selected as the title. For this act, the Hadji, who by this time has discovered that Fazilla the adopted daughter of the old physician is his own child, is formally put on his trial. Mr. Sterndale is familiar with the details of a trial at a Sessions or District Court. But we cannot concur with him in thinking that, on the facts proved, a capital sentence would have been passed against the old Wahabi. It is shown in evidence that the Deputy had wished to poison his adversary, and that at their last meeting he had shot the Hadji with a revolver first, and received his death wound afterwards. On the author's own version, the prisoner had simply acted in self-defence; but in order to prevent the verdict of justifiable homicide which must infallibly have ensued, he makes the prisoner call out that he came to Sasseram expressly to kill the deceased. We will venture to affirm that, looking to the time and circumstances, and to the treason proved against the deceased Deputy by his own papers, no Court, in 1857 or 1858, would have recorded a sentence of death against any one, Hindu or Mohammedan, who was not even charged with open rebellion or the assassination of English men or English women, and whose only fault was that, in pure self-defence, he had anticipated the hangman's office and stabbed a traitorous rascal from whose hand he had himself received an ugly wound. Neither is it judicious or in keeping to ascribe to the humane and generous Mr. Lufton an opinion that the old Hadji had far better be hung than transported. Officials in India have often, we know, a loose way of saying that high caste natives dread a trip across "the black water," or to the Andamans, far more than death, and that it is merciful to hang them; but a person in Mr. Lufton's situation (who had returned to Amanpur as Commissioner), would certainly have recommended a free pardon instead of death or transportation, had any judicial Court been so ill advised as to record a capital sentence. As it is, the case goes up to the Lieutenant-Governor, who graciously commutes the order to one of ten years' imprisonment. It was, however, necessary to dispose of the stern old Wahabi, as it would have been awkward for him to learn the conversion of his daughter to Christianity, an event that duly takes place before her marriage with Abdul. The Hadji had set his heart on dying for the law, and he drops down dead of excitement, on hearing that his wish is not to be gratified. Beni Sing, like many another rebel or outlaw, in those two or three years of confusion and anarchy, becomes leader of a band of Dacoits, commits various atrocities, and gives some trouble to the authorities. But he is tracked to his lair by the mutilated Shikari Jorawur Sing and by a former associate, on whose family honour he had cast a stain. The head of Beni Sing, like the head of King Amulius in Macaulay's *Lays of Campsey*, is brought in one fine evening to a Colonel F. Scamperfy, a cousin of Miss Lufton and an unsuccessful suitor for her hand, who figures as a cigar-smoker and a dashing swordsman, eventually becomes a V.C. and C.B., and marries a good-tempered little widow. Paul Stanford naturally is united to Grace Lufton and settles down into a country squire.

There remains now scarcely any one to be accounted for, except the Nawab or Syud, Hyder Ali. He is captured by Colonel Scamperfy and tried for rebellion and instigation of murder, and here the author becomes a little informal and erratic. He would have done well to avoid a second criminal trial in the disposal of his characters. But the Stanfords, out of sheer gratitude, had destroyed a damning piece of evidence in a sketch of their Indian friend; and, from the want of this missing link, the prosecution fails to identify the prisoner as the Nawab, and he is only sentenced to transportation for life as a common rebel taken in arms against the Government. Even this sentence does not stand, but is exchanged for one of simple banishment. The author here was probably thinking of a real case where a rebel, who had been guilty of much worse acts than mere fighting against us, gave himself up to a local authority on receiving a guarantee for his personal safety. Lord Canning, who disapproved of the proceeding, respected the "Yea, yea" of the British officer, but allowed the guilty man twenty-four hours to get clear out of the British dominions. After this the story makes a leap of some eighteen years, and takes us right into the Russian-Turkish war. Here, at a place which we must identify with Plevna, a brave old Mohammedan, with a white beard, fine features, and eagle eyes, who had repeatedly enabled the Turks to repel hordes of assailants, is at last shot down. After disclosing his identity to Colonel Scamperfy, who turns up for the sake of the fun and fighting, giving a sketch of his history and his ambition, sending a pearl necklace to Lady Stanford, and making Colonel Scamperfy a present of a superfine Damascus sword, this grim warrior—whom the reader will recognize as the Nawab or Syud—dies a soldier's death, and the tale ends.

The above sketch shows that a readable and animated story has been put together out of the events of the Indian Mutiny. The general tone and effect is good, and some of the episodes are full of local colouring and minute but not overpowering detail. There are a good many errors of spelling, which must be as annoying to the author as to the critic, for it is impossible that one possessed of so good a knowledge of the language can ever have written *Lulm* for *Zulm*, *Wati* for *Wali*, *jettebi* for *jullebi*, and so on. We hope that what we have said in praise may not lead Mr. Sterndale to think that he possesses a boundless store of fiction. He has made a connected tale out of isolated facts and characters which have come to his knowledge in the course of his career, and it is no flattery to say that his picture of those mutinous times is more to be depended on for an estimate of many characters than a recent so-called History of the Indian Mutiny.

MÜLLER'S SACRED BOOKS OF THE EAST.*

(Second Notice.)

THE first volume of the series of Sacred Books is the work of Professor Max Müller himself, and contains translations of five Upanishads preceded by a long introduction. The treatises called Upanishads are part of the Vedic canon; but the oldest of them were not written till many centuries after the composition of the hymns of the Rig Veda. Two of them are found in the Sanhita, that is among the hymns, of the Yajur Veda; but "the recognized place for the ancient Upanishads is in the *Āranyakas* or forest books, which, as a rule, form an appendix to the *Brāhmanas*." Thus taking them as a whole, they are the latest of the writings classed as Veda, which is also described as *Śruti* or revelation. There is a considerable number of Upanishads, certainly more than two hundred, and it is not likely that all of them have yet been discovered. Some of them are, as Mr. Müller observes, "quite modern, for mention is made even of an Allah-upanishad" which must, at any rate, have been written subsequently to the introduction of Mahomedanism. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that many of them are ancient, anterior to the Christian era; but "any attempt to fix their relative age seems, for the present, almost hopeless." What is an Upanishad? The literal meaning is "sitting near," and Professor Müller interprets it as "session," or an assemblage of pupils sitting round their teacher. This, however, conveys no idea of their nature; they are, in reality, laboured and abstruse attempts to work out religious and philosophical principles from the simple utterances of the primitive Vedic hymns and from the legends and speculations of the *Brāhmanas*, a series of Vedic writings which stand between the hymns and the Upanishads. So this first volume of the *Sacred Books of the East* consists of writings which belong, not to the first, but to the third and last division of the works classed as Veda.

A considerable number of the Upanishads were translated from Sanskrit into Persian under the direction of the unfortunate Prince Dārā Shukoh, the eldest son of the Emperor Shāh Jahān and his rightful successor. But his liberal principles and freedom of thought in religious matters enabled his crafty and bigoted brother Aurangzeb to compass his death and seize the throne. These Persian translations were rendered into Latin by Anquetil Duperron under the title "*Oupnekhat*, i.e. *Secretum tegendum*." This translation was written in a style which was utterly unintelligible, but Schopenhauer was able "to discover a thread through the labyrinth," and "had the courage to proclaim to an incredulous age the vast treasures of thought which were lying buried beneath that fearful jargon." Not only did he do this, but, in his hatred of the religion of his youth, he enthusiastically says, "The *Oupnekhat* has been the solace of my life, it will be the solace of my death." Most people who know anything of the *Oupnekhat* will probably feel inclined to express a stronger opinion on this rhapsody than Professor Müller, who thinks "this may seem strong language, and in some respects too strong." Schopenhauer's admiration of these works was an infatuation, but professed sceptics are often the most credulous of men. A much greater measure of respect is due to the opinions of Rammohun Roy. This celebrated and enlightened reformer translated several of the Upanishads, not because he looked upon them as satisfactory expositions of religion or philosophy; but, as Mr. Müller says, "because he recognized in them seeds of eternal truth, and was bold enough to distinguish between what was essential in them and what was not." Patient students will discover in them, as he did, germs of intelligence and wisdom, but they will have to grope through long pages of rubbish, and to give up many passages which do not "yield any very definite sense." As a specimen of the contents of the translation, we quote the first three verses of the *Chhândogya Upanishad*, the first of the five translated in this volume:—

1. Let a man meditate on the syllable Om, called the *udgitha*; for the *udgitha* (a portion of the *Sāma-veda*) is sung beginning with Om.

The full account, however, of Om is this:—

2. The essence of all beings is the earth, the essence of the earth is water, the essence of water the plants, the essence of plants man, the essence of man speech, the essence of speech the *Rig-veda*, the essence of

* *The Sacred Books of the East*. Vol. I. *The Upanishads*. Translated by F. Max Müller. Vol. II. *The Sacred Laws of the Aryas*. Translated by Georg Buhler. Part I.—*Āpastamba and Gautama*. Clarendon Press. London: Macmillan & Co.

the Rig-veda the Sâma-veda, the essence of the Sâma-veda the udgitha (which is Om).

3. That udgitha (Om) is the best of all essences, the highest, deserving the highest place, the eighth.

In a similar strain it goes on for several pages. A later passage in the same Upanishad declares the efficacy of sacrifice, and makes distinct reference to a future life in these words:—

14. Then he sacrifices, saying, "Adoration to the Âdityas and to the Visve Devas, who dwell in heaven, who dwell in the world. Obtain that world for me, the sacrificer!"

15. "That is the world for the sacrificer! I the sacrificer shall go thither, when this life is over. Take this! cast back the bolt!"

Other passages, as in the Aitareya Aranyaka, expatiate on the peculiar merits of the different metres of the Veda, as "Let him take an Anushtubh hymn for the Pra-uga [hymn]. Verily, Anushtubh is valour, and it serves for obtaining valour," and so on through many metres, attributing virtue, not to the words, but to the form in which they are strung together. Prâna, lit. "breath," holds a prominent place as the cause or means of all existence. The Kaushitaki Upanishad says, "I am prâna; meditate on me as the conscious self, as life, as immortality. Immortality is prâna, prâna is immortality. By prâna he obtains immortality in the other world, by knowledge (prajnâ) true conception. Prâna is consciousness (prajñâ), consciousness is prâna." "This," says Professor Müller, "though it may have satisfied the mind of the Brahmans for a time, was not a final solution. That final solution of the problem—not simply of life, but of existence—is given in the Upanishad, which teaches that Âtman, the Self, not Prâna, the Life, is the last and only cause of everything. In some places this doctrine is laid down in all its simplicity. Our true self, it is said, has its true being in the Highest Self only. In other passages this simple doctrine is mixed up with much that is mythological, fanciful, and absurd . . . and it is only towards the end that the identity of the self-conscious self with the Highest Self or Brahman is clearly enunciated." These passages are favourable examples of the contents of the Upanishads, for although two of them are worthless eulogies of mere forms, they are better than a great many others which cannot fairly be separated from their context.

The second volume of the series is of a different character. It is a translation by Dr. Bühler of the Sûtras of Apastamba and Gautama. A sûtra, meaning literally a "thread," is technically an aphorism expressed in the tersest language. Rules which were transmitted from generation to generation by oral teaching naturally assumed the briefest possible form. The Sûtra literature is very large, and although not included in the Vedic canon and coming somewhat later in date, it is closely connected with it both by similarity of language and subject matter. But, as it is no part of the *Śruti* or Revelation, it is "sacred" only in an inferior degree. The Kalpa-sûtra or Ritual, as it is specifically called, is "an enormous body of aphorisms which digests the teaching of the Veda, and of the ancient Rishis (sages) regarding the performance of sacrifices and the duties of twice-born men, Brahmans, Kshatriyas, and Vaisyas." The entire Kalpa-sûtra of Apastamba is divided into thirty books or sections called Prasnâs. The Dharma-sûtras, or aphorisms on law, are contained in the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth books. These two sections, or books, are here translated, and occupy 170 pages. This will give some idea of the extent of the whole collection. The Sûtras of Apastamba are based upon the Yajur, or second Veda, and Dr. Bühler considers that they cannot be placed later than the third century B.C. The great value of the Sûtras is, that they show the development of Hindu law direct from the Vedic writings, and that they form the basis of the Laws of Manu, Yājñavalkya, and the many other great writers on law whose codes are held in very high veneration, inferior only to the Veda itself. While the Veda is classed as *Śruti*, or direct revelation, the Sûtras, or law books, are known as the *Smṛiti*, or "Reminiscences" of the ancient sages.

The Sûtras or Aphorisms of Gautama which also appear in this volume, are based upon the Sâma or third Veda. These are apparently confined to Dharma-sûtras or legal aphorisms in twenty-eight chapters, occupying 135 pages. "The facts which can be brought to bear on Gautama's Institutes," says Dr. Bühler, "are scanty, and the conclusions deducible from them somewhat vague. There are only two points which can be proved satisfactorily—namely, the connexion of the work with the Sâma-Veda and its priority to the other four Dharma-sûtras which we still possess. To go further appears for the present impossible." Apastamba and Gautama are both very great authorities even with modern writers on law, and their texts are frequently quoted and commented on.

A noticeable point in these Sûtras is the full recognition of the Sûdra caste, of which no mention is found in the older portions of the Vedas. The caste is never mentioned in the hymns till it is found in a hymn which is universally considered to be one of the latest. The authority for the law and the position of the four castes is explained as follows, in the very first verses of Apastamba:—

1. We will declare the acts productive of merit which form part of the customs of daily life, as they have been settled by the agreement (of those who know the law). 2. The authority for these duties is the agreement of those who know the law, (and the authorities for the latter are) the Vedas alone. 3. (There are) four castes, Brahmans, Kshatriyas, Vaisyas, and Sûdras. 4. Amongst these, each preceding (caste) is superior by birth to the one following. 5. (For all these), excepting Sûdras and those who have committed bad actions, (are ordained) the initiation, the study of the Veda, and the kindling of the sacred fire, and their works are productive

of rewards (in this world and the next). 6. To serve the other (three) castes (is ordained) for the Sûdra. 7. The higher the castes (which he serves) the greater the merit.

The position and the duties of the four castes are thus fully settled; but in Apastamba we find no mention of the mixed castes which come so prominently forward in the Institutes of Manu. The Chândâlas and other outcasts who have become degraded by crime are mentioned, and it is declared to be sinful to touch, speak, or look at them. In Gautama's Sûtras intercourse between the castes is recognized, and a name and status allotted to the offspring. Gautama therefore stands between Apastamba and Manu. It must not be supposed that these "Sacred Laws" are what we understand in modern times by law. The provisions which govern the dealings of man and man form but a very small portion of them. Apastamba disposes of the subject of Inheritance in seven pages, and Gautama in eight. The former has no chapter on Civil and Criminal Law, the latter devotes seven pages to this subject. These laws more nearly resemble the Levitical Law, but they far exceed that in the number and minuteness of their provisions. They provide rules for the guidance of men and women at all times and in all conditions of life. Every function of the human body, every appetite, all the ordinary actions of life, secular, religious, or conventional, are fenced round with the most minute and stringent rules. Purification of the body is strictly insisted upon, and if the saying that cleanliness is next to godliness did not, like proverbs in general, assert far too much, the old Hindus must have been very near to godliness. Penances occupy a considerable space. As an example of the very trivial provisions, take the following:—

1. He shall not drink water standing or bent forwards. 2. Sitting he shall sip water (for purification) thrice, the water penetrating to his heart. 3. He shall wipe his lips three times. 4. Some (declare that he shall do so) twice. 5. He shall then touch (his lips) once (with the three middle fingers). 6. Some (declare that he shall do so) twice. 7. Having sprinkled water on his left hand with his right he shall touch both his feet and his head (and the following three) organs, the eyes, the nose, and the ears. 8. Then he shall wash (his hands).

And so on at great length. Wise provisions, or laws based upon reason, come side by side with others for which no reason is apparent:—

21. All intoxicating drinks are forbidden. 22. Likewise sheep's milk. 23. Likewise red garlic, onions, and leeks. 24. Mushrooms ought not to be eaten.

The laws regarding flesh are far more liberal than in the present day:—

29. (The meat) of one-hoofed animals, of camels, of village pigs and cattle (ought not to be eaten). 30. But the meat of milch cows and oxen may be eaten.

Among the duties of the king there is a curious sanction given to the prevalent vice of gambling. The king is to build a town, and a palace in the town. Outside the town he is to build an assembly house, and the superintendent of this house is to "raise a play-table, and sprinkle it with water, turning his hands downwards, and place on it dice in even numbers, as many as are wanted. Men of the first three castes who are pure and truthful may be allowed to play there." The laws lay down also moral rules, and one remarkable passage brings to mind St. Paul's enumeration of the works of the flesh and the works of the spirit:—"Now we will enumerate the faults which tend to destroy the creatures. (These are) anger, exultation, grumbling, covetousness, perplexity, doing injury (to anybody), hypocrisy, lying, gluttony, calumny, envy, lust, secret hatred, neglect to keep the senses in subjection, neglect to concentrate the mind." "Exultation" and "perplexity" are probably feeble and inadequate renderings of the original words. It is unnecessary to quote all the list of virtues by the practice of which a man "enters the universal soul." They are generally described by negatives, as "freedom from anger, exultation," &c.; but in addition to these there are positive injunctions for "self-denying liberality, avoiding to accept gifts, uprightness, affability, extinction of the passions, subjection of the senses, peace with all created beings . . . peacefulness and contentedness." The high moral standard of these passages is worthy of all admiration, and is a pearl of great price buried amid much which can at best be described as only curious and extraordinary.

THROUGH THE LIGHT CONTINENT.*

THE author of a book in these days is not always allowed to choose its title. This may possibly be the function of an inventive salesman who lurks in the back offices of a publisher's shop. Mr. William Saunders would seem, from the contents of the volume before us, to be a man of sober taste and judgment, and therefore not likely to have originated its feeble and inappropriate name. Because Mr. H. M. Stanley's book about Africa was called *Through the Dark Continent*, another writer's report of a visit to America is labelled with this quaint misnomer. There is, of course, no true analogy between the two works. The one is a narrative of travel from the eastern to the western sea-coast, with an elucidation of geographical mysteries inland; the other is quite different. Mr. Saunders devotes only a fourth part of his book to the

* *Through the Light Continent; or, the United States in 1877-8.* By William Saunders. London: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

description of his not very extensive tour as far as Colorado and the northern part of Texas. He does not go "through" the continent, and he does not endeavour to show that its social conditions are transcendently "light." Most of us by this time have learnt better than to think so. It is the more pity that such a generally candid account of American affairs, in which the dark and light views are fairly contrasted, has got a title suggestive of indiscriminate laudation. But it is time to look at the contents of the book. The author finds much fault with some things, while he commends some other things in the polity, the administration, and the industrial economy of the United States.

Mr. Saunders enters rather closely into the political relations of the State Governments to the Federal Government. He dissents from Mr. Gladstone's view of that subject as expressed in his recent essay styled "Kin beyond Sea." The Federal Government, as he shows clearly enough, does not possess any reserved or implied powers beyond those expressly delegated to it by the Constitution. Congress is by no means so omnipotent in theory as our Parliament of Queen, Lords, and Commons. The powers of the State Legislatures have indeed been further limited, especially with a view to equality of personal and civil rights for negro citizens, by several amendments of the Constitution since the Civil War. But there has been no constitutional increase of the Federal legislative or executive power. If the internal government of some of the Southern States was tampered with by illegal or fraudulent proceedings, with the connivance of Federal authorities, the State rights have not been lost, and are now more justly regarded. Centralization, on the whole, makes no considerable permanent advance in the Union; nor is it generally desired by the people of any section. The usual constitution of the State Governments, which, though not precisely alike, have a substantial similarity of nature, is briefly described. It seems that the electoral districts for the appointment of members of the State Senate and Assembly, and of judges for the State, are liable to alteration every ten years, upon the basis of the population census. This too often gives occasion to the practice of "gerrymandering," which is a trick of allotting the constituencies so as to pack the bulk of an opponent party's votes into a few of the districts, thereby leaving a majority of one's own party in the greater number of districts. It is a refined branch of political science and art, pervading all the gradations of public authority, from the representation of wards, townships, and counties, up to members of Congress. The local and county affairs are managed in some States by the agency of elective boards of supervisors, doing the work of our justices in quarter sessions, bridge and road trustees, and poor-law guardians; besides which each county has its judges and law officers. In other States there are no county boards or supervisors; but the inhabitants of the county hold stated public meetings for the transaction of its business. Municipal government of cities and towns is constituted by special charters from the State Legislature. Except in such notorious cases as that of New York, it may be considered that the local administration is tolerable. The aggregate yearly expenditure of the municipalities is 30,000,000*l.* sterling; that of the counties, 12,500,000*l.*; and that of the State Governments, also 12,500,000*l.*; while the Federal Government expenditure is about fifty millions, each sum including the interest of debts. Mr. Saunders goes into a comparative estimate of the cost of government in the United States with that of the United Kingdom; but we think it scarcely possible to draw a fair comparison.

With regard to fiscal and commercial policy the author has much to remark. He thoroughly disapproves of the protectionist legislation by which the United States have sought to foster their manufacturing industry. It is not only the consumer who loses by this system. A man in America has to pay a high price for the coat on his back, which is "protected" by an import-duty of two shillings a pound on wool, and 35 per cent. on the value of woollen cloth. But the American manufacturers, stimulated by these artificial means, while keeping up their prices at home, are compelled to undergo a great reduction of price for exportation to cheaper countries. "If you want American calico," says Mr. Saunders, "you can buy it thirty per cent. cheaper in Liverpool than in New York at the present moment. The same is the case with sewing-machines, watches, and other articles." Another disadvantageous effect to the United States is that the cost of freight thither from Europe is rendered unnaturally high, because they will not allow the free importation of commodities which might be sent from this side. There certainly seems to be a deficiency of "light," upon this question at least, in the Western "continent." The Customs' revenue of the United States, which is larger than our own, amounting to 26,600,000*l.* upon an import trade of 87,500,000*l.*, suffices to defray the whole cost of Federal Government services, not including interest on the public debt. But it is felt as a heavy burden in the excessive prices of nearly all the articles of use or comfort, except mere food. On the other hand, due praise is given to the financial integrity and economy of the Federal Government, which has reduced its debt by two hundred millions sterling since the Civil War. The State Governments and city municipalities bear a very different character. Mr. Saunders gives some tables of figures which may interest the inquirer into these matters. His explanation also of the currency question and of the banking system is worth attention. He describes what are called the National Banks. Their solvency appears to be effectually secured by the obligation to invest a proportion of their capital in United States bonds, and to deposit an amount of such bonds more than covering their issue of circulating notes, with which they are

entrusted by a Comptroller of the Currency. They are further obliged to hold at all times an amount of good currency equivalent to a certain proportion of the deposits respectively in each bank. If any national bank fails to comply with these rules the comptroller has summary power to wind it up within thirty days. In fifteen years since the creation of these national banks, the failures have not averaged five yearly, and the average annual loss has been 86,000*l.*, or one million and a quarter sterling for the whole period. The liability of the individual shareholders is limited, and those who invest as trustees are liable only for the trust fund or estate. There were, in 1878, two thousand of these national banks, with an aggregate capital of 94,000,000*l.*, receiving deposits to the amount of 135,400,000*l.* The savings banks, over which there is no supervision, receive a much greater amount of deposits, very often to be lost by reckless mismanagement or fraud.

Almost every department of public business affecting the social and industrial interests of American citizens, and of immigrant capitalists or working-men, finds its place in this discursive volume. The land laws, agriculture, and stock-raising, with the new trade in exports of fresh beef to Europe; cotton-growing in the South, where the produce is largely increased by free negro labour on the metayer system; railway construction and traffic, weather stations and signals, are here discussed in their turn. These are subjects upon which correct information must be desired by all who have any notion of trying their fortune as settlers, with a moderate stock of capital, in the Western World. Mr. Saunders compares the American system of land-granting on the easiest terms with that which has been adopted in New Zealand and some other colonies, where a stiff price has been fixed by Government, and the revenue is partly applied to road-making or other public works. The United States Government, on the contrary, first almost gives its land away to actual settlers in the occupation of small measured lots, and they have afterwards to be taxed by several authorities for all such needful accommodation. This makes it easy to enter upon the land, but difficult to hold it, so that poor men are too often compelled to throw up their allotments. What returns to waste after having once been cultivated becomes a positive nuisance by producing noxious weeds instead of natural pasture. And the excessive cheapness of the soil begets a slovenly and unthrifty style of farming, by which its fertility is soon exhausted. The lack of roads and other local public conveniences at the outset in a newly settled township causes a wide dispersion of the holdings, which hinders social comfort. Here and there, indeed, this prejudicial tendency seems to be redressed by special combinations of industrial economy, such as the cheese and butter factories, or wholesale manufacturing dairies. One of these establishments, which the author describes, twice a day receives all the milk from many small farmers, each keeping thirty or forty cows upon a hundred and fifty acres. To think of a farmer, with a four-horse team, bringing his waggon-load of corn seventy or eighty miles to market, is almost pitiful. The same agriculturist will not take the trouble to manure his field, though he has heaps of farmyard stuff for that purpose; his ploughing is a mere scratching of the surface, and he allows the harvest to be choked by the weeds. Much of the Indian corn, and sometimes even of the wheat, is given to feed cattle by the remote prairie farmers, who have no idea of root-crops, and seldom grow kitchen vegetables for their own households. All this is strangely unlike our English notion of good husbandry. At Greeley, in Colorado, Mr. Saunders visited a co-operative agricultural colony, founded seven years ago on strict temperance principles, which does very well in market-gardening. Water Companies here contrive to irrigate the plain, supplying ample moisture for a hundred and sixty acres at the yearly charge of twenty dollars, to raise cabbages, potatoes, apples, and strawberries for sale at Cheyenne and Denver. There seems to be a fair chance of success in these branches of rural industry, though scarcely, we should think, in corn-growing, for an active person with less than 500*l.* capital. Stock-breeding in the Western States, of which an account was lately given by Mr. Macdonald with reference to our new importation of American fresh beef, will no doubt continue to be a profitable operation when conducted on a large scale. The central region of Texas is now recommended; but immigrants will take notice that eastern Texas is a swamp, and the western part "remains in unsettled lawlessness." A large party of Yorkshire farmers was lately reported to be embarking at Liverpool for Texas; let us hope they have chosen the happy medium section. "At San Antonio it is declared that people never die; very old persons sometimes dry up and are blown away, but cemeteries are unnecessary." So much for a salubrious climate. But Mr. Saunders does not profess to have personally visited all the places of which he speaks; and some part of his information, as that regarding Mr. Grant's estate of Victoria, in Ellis County, Kansas, is borrowed from Mr. Macdonald's book, which we reviewed at the time of its publication.

Upon the whole, we should peruse this and other volumes of statistical exploration in the United States with a certain amount of pleasure, were it not that the author incidentally observes in his concluding chapter that "it is doubtful how far American statements are strictly accurate." This alarming confession, which may perhaps extend to other departments beside the population returns of births and deaths, leaves the reader in some little uneasiness concerning the official reports quoted by Mr. Saunders. He does not seem, however, to have been disposed to question their correctness in such matters as the valuation of property and the economic re-

sources of the country. These are subjects not directly under the ken of the Federal Government, which derives its revenue chiefly from indirect taxation. A moderate scepticism may reasonably be allowed with respect to the accounts furnished by some of the State Governments, though others are tolerably honest. Republican America is a very big country, and it is a good deal mixed. Patches of darkness are seen to diversify the broad surface of "the Light Continent." We sincerely hope that the next generation, at the beginning of the twentieth century or sooner, will have fairly expunged those spots of social imperfection, not to say corruption, and that all the free and enlightened citizens will be truly the children of light.

HARK AWAY.*

PEOPLE who love to look on the sunny side of human nature, and to listen to the praises of their neighbour in the broader acceptance of the word, can hardly turn to a more congenial literature than the communications of sporting contributors. Sporting men are supposed to be professionally distrustful; the ring below the race-stand is reputed to be the last place in the world where the virtues of faith and charity are flourishing; and it is said that betting men feel bound in honour to take every advantage of their bosom friends. But the sporting contributor in the hunting-field is of a different type, and the very reverse of a cynic. Whether he be retained on the regular staff of some journal, or volunteer his contributions like Mr. Frederick Whitehead, it is his mission to make things pleasant everywhere. He carefully eliminates any gall from his ink-bottle, and carries a silver-toned trumpet about with him in his holsters when he makes his appearance at the cover-side. He lavishes unstinted approbation on everything and everybody, and no doubt is made welcome wherever he goes. We remember how the immortal Mr. Jorrocks, in Surtees's most entertaining sporting novel, made his preparations for the reception of Pomponius Ego; how Mr. Puffington, in *Sponge's Sporting Tour*, extended his hospitality to the hero of that veracious narrative, when he fancied he came hunting with a note-book in his pocket. It is but natural to show every possible attention to the man who can hold you up to the esteem and admiration of your contemporaries; while the visitor who is fêted, flattered, and caressed willingly reciprocates the courtesy. He is gratefully honest and outspoken when he goes into raptures over everything, for he sees everything *coulour de rose*. He is well mounted by the cares of a hearty host, and it is his own fault if he is not well forward. He is piloted homewards after the run to a sumptuous dinner in jovial company. Whether the weather be favourable to the sport or not, he is inclined to be satisfied with things in general; and should his visit on some occasion be a sporting failure, he is pressed to return and try again. It is an agreeable way of making holiday, no doubt, offering a happy combination of pleasure and business; yet those who are without the charmed circle are disposed to accept with some reserve reports made under such circumstances. Can it be possible, we ask, for example, in reading Mr. Whitehead's lively articles, that everybody, to use an expression in his manner, can be so invariably the right man in the right place? Is every master of hounds "that thorough sportsman"? Is every gentleman "bad to beat" who gets himself up in tops and scarlet? Do all the bright and beautiful beings in riding-habits show the hardest male riders the way across country? It may be so, and we suppose, as he says it, it must be so; and yet it is difficult to fancy it. How about many people within our personal knowledge—the men who accept the mastership mainly for the honour of the thing, shifting their duties on to the shoulders of their huntsmen; the gentlemen in scarlet who shirk and skirt; the ladies who have a knack of getting in the way when they do not stick modestly to canter along the lanes? We have heard of "lots" of hounds who are by no means level, who are a shade less steady than connoisseurs would like to see them, and whose noses decidedly leave something to desire. There are huntsmen who are by no means "most valuable servants," and whips who still have something to learn. Nor are we by any means sure that a county would be a hunting paradise—except, indeed, for the surgeons and the "vets"—where everybody was always in the first flight or thereabouts. But we fancy that sporting writers, like poets, must be permitted a certain poetical license. In the gay inspiration of glorious gallops, of dry champagnes and famous vintage clarets, and fragrant clouds from full-flavoured cigars, they rise to bird's-eye views of life that are above the range of humbler mortals; while the invigorating exercise in which they delight dispels the dyspepsia that might have darkened their morning reflection. We fancy that Mr. Whitehead must be an enviable mortal, and we are sure that he is a very animated writer. He calls himself "a veteran" on his title-page, and his memory carries him back for a generation and a half or more; yet he has all the fire and energy of youth. He is always ready for an expedition on the shortest notice, and he is "all there" when he arrives at his destination. Unfavourable circumstances scarcely damp his enjoyment, and when the weather smiles on him his exhilaration is contagious. "Alike to him the sea, the shore; the hound, the bridle, or the oar." Now he is with the Royal Buckhounds,

now with the Southdowns or the Brighton Harriers; now he is galloping after the wild stag on Exmoor, and again he goes pilchard-fishing off Penzance. And when frozen out, as was his fate for so many weeks last winter, he makes himself perfectly happy in passing stables under review and having the occupants of their stalls trotted out for his inspection. His present volume is in its main points a repetition of his former works, for it must be the doom of sporting writers to be more or less monotonous. But it will be pleasant reading for those who come to it fresh, and neither altogether dull nor unprofitable for his old acquaintances and admirers.

Partly perhaps because there is more of novelty in it, we like best the chapter with the log of the author's night cruise among the pilchards. He embarked in the evening at the village of Newlyn, in a 14-ton boat, manned by four able fishermen. They slipped their moorings with the rest of the little fleet, and a pretty sight it must have been as the brown sails stood out to sea in the moonshine beyond the shadows of St. Michael's Mount. In better company in every sense he could hardly have been; though we are inclined to agree with him when he hints that it might have been more agreeable in the circumstances had his hosts held to the old traditions, and been more convivially inclined. They drank nothing stronger than tea or coffee; nor did they even smoke a pipe. At the same time it was much to their credit that "not an angry word, not a coarse expression, not an oath was uttered"; and they had evidently exchanged the public-house for the literary institute, since they could talk intelligently about Wesley and Brunel. Improving conversation beguiled the hours till the net was shot. The net, we may mention, was 780 yards long and 10 yards in depth. Then the sail was hoisted, and the boat left to drift, while the men took rest by turns. Naturally Mr. Whitehead could not sleep, and had to give himself over perforce to the poetry of the scene, as he listened to the wild screams of the sea-fowl, and saw the porpoises rising to blow on the ground-swell. They made a very successful haul, having taken between four and five thousand pilchards. But, as the fish fetched no more than ten shillings per thousand, the Cornish fisherman's occupation must be a poor one. It is a not unnatural transition from the pilchard-boat in Mount's Bay to the wild uplands in Somerset and Devon, where there is a spice of adventure as well as danger in the chase. Had Mr. Whitehead never published anything on the subject before, we should have greatly enjoyed his present chapters, though his muster-rolls of local celebrities at the meets read something like the reports of entertainments in the *Post*. There is this advantage in the chase of the wild stag, that the sportsman can take to it when there is nothing else to be done, unless he be fortunate enough to have a moor in Scotland. It begins with the beginning of August, which is just as well for the stranger. It must be rather breakneck work at the best, unless you are on a steed broken to the business, galloping through long and rough moorland, and among boulders half-hidden in the blooming heather. But it would be worse still when the rains of the autumn had turned the brooks into torrents and the swamps into hopeless quagmires; and besides, if you were belated at the end of a run far from your quarters, there would be heavy odds against your regaining them. In August you have at least long evenings, and the homeward ride may be very enjoyable. The men of Devon, like those of Galway, seem to be of a hard and peculiar breed. They think little of riding some twenty miles to the meet, taking their chance of how they are to get home again in the evening; and they seem to flourish on the excitement and healthful exercise. Mr. Whitehead pays a genial tribute, which in this instance is by no means exaggerated, to "the famous old sporting parson, the Rev. J. Russell, now past eighty years of age, mounted upon a compact and clever grey horse, which he still can steer across the difficult country in a way that would astonish many younger performers."

By way of change from the wildest form of hunting now to be found in England, we have a day of "running the red deer" in Lord Abergavenny's park at Eridge, whose beauties should be familiar to visitors from Tunbridge Wells. The deer has a "breather," no doubt; but in this case it seems possible to save him from the fangs of the hounds, if the riders who follow can manage to stick close enough. The extent of the park is over three thousand acres. A stag is selected and ridden out from the herd, which naturally is by no means an easy matter. The instant he goes away on his own account a hound is slipped, and "the pace is tremendous." The first stag that Mr. Whitehead saw run turned suddenly in the face of his pursuers, when a second hound was let go. The couple of dogs proved too much for the quarry, who, after all the fat grazing under the Eridge oaks, must be in indifferent wind for a prolonged burst; but the hunters were well up, the hounds were whipped off, and he was taken uninjured. Another and another succeeded, and the galloping in some places must have been almost as awkward as on Exmoor. Accidents, we suppose, are not unfrequent, and on that day the horse of one of the sons of the house came a somersault; and the rider, although he pluckily mounted again, rose with a broken collar-bone and rib. Before dismissing the book, we may recommend to novices in search of horses the round of visits to the dealers' stables which Mr. Whitehead undertook during the prolonged frost. They may sometimes read like indirect advertisements; but the praises generally are likely to be as well merited as the hints that are given are likely to be useful.

* *Hark Away: Sketches of Hunting, Coaching, Fishing, &c.* By Fred. Field Whitehead (A Veteran), Author of "Tallyho," &c. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1879.

HADEN ON ETCHING.*

IT has taken the English public a long time to form an approximately correct idea of what etching is. Within ten years we have heard those amiable exercises in which young ladies do dreadful things to a sheet of paper with a pen—mere drawings in ink of the humblest class—called etchings, simply because it was taken for granted that any sketchy distribution of black lines on a white surface, any halting effort of an absolute amateur, was included in this wide term. Then Mr. Ruskin came forward with one of the neat and mischievous formulae of his later years, and remarked upon "Etching—a blundering art." In the chaos resulting from this vague and unscientific method of considering a section of artistic work which is really very limited and exact in area, Mr. Seymour Haden appeared with his delicate and popular art, instructing the public alike by precept and example. He was really the first to make any stir in England about etching as a special branch of art, and it is quite appropriate that he should be chosen to write the technical guide to it which is now before us. The volume came into existence as an amplification of a catalogue, published by the Fine Art Society, of a portion of Mr. Haden's private collection, exhibited by him in Bond Street on the same walls on which Mr. Ruskin displayed his Turner drawings. To this catalogue has been affixed the technical guide to, or primer of, etching, which gives the work a special value. A letter addressed in French to M. Philippe Barty, which might as well, we think, have been presented to English readers in an English dress, gives with much minuteness Mr. Haden's own mode of procedure as regards design, biting, and printing, and suggests hints for the use of dry point. The rest of the essay discusses etching more from the theoretical point of view.

Engravers will be unwilling to accept certain doctrines laid down by Mr. Seymour Haden with great vehemence of reiteration. He defends the point against the burin, comparing the first to a pencil, the second to a plough, and relegating the latter to the class of handicraftsman's tools, while he eulogizes the former for its absolute sensitiveness and delicacy. He is an admirable special pleader, and he would fain persuade us by force of eloquence that the moment the early painters discovered that it was possible to act upon the plate by an implement wielded like a pencil they ceased at once to use the burin, and became etchers, leaving the practice of engraving entirely to a lower class of worker, to whom Mr. Haden grudges the name of artist. But in his zeal for the honour of his own practice, he appears to overstrain his argument, and in another part of his book he himself offers evidence in the opposite direction. He gives an impression of the engraving of the Emperor Charles V. made by Bartel Beham, who was a scholar of Marc Antonio, and he awards the highest praise to this noble work, attributing its excellence to the fact which he discovers by the use of the lens—namely, that its painter-like quality is obtained by the use of lines of interrupted continuity. The very existence of this engraving, the beauty of which forces praise even from Mr. Haden, seems to us to prove that it is not the burin but the artist who is to blame for what is mechanical and poor in modern engraving; and that the point might as well be censured for the slovenly productions of bad etchers as the burin for tame and unmeaning engraving. As long, however, as Mr. Haden is merely stigmatizing the tradition in burin-work which renders tones by parallelograms "with or without a dot in the centre of each," or which treats atmosphere as though it were a texture of watered silk, we have nothing to say in reply to his objections.

Mr. Haden writes with eagerness, and even with vehemence; he bristles all over with defiance, and it must need considerable coolness and some courage to attack him. He has, moreover, the advantage of that assured reputation which his unchallenged ability as a practical artist gives him. He attacks the Royal Academy for not extending its titular honours to etchers, and while we agree with him we smile, for we know, and he knows that we know, that the first A.R.A. so elected much needs be himself. His conscious pre-eminence as a worker gives him some pretension as a theorist, which his style is hardly clear enough, or his habit of reasoning calm enough, to sustain. For instance, the reader will scarcely follow him through the chapter entitled "All Art Conventional" without feeling that this sort of thing has been more exactly and more learnedly said by Mr. Ruskin in his first great work. Mr. Haden defends the conventionalism of the etched line against realism, mistaking, as it seems to us, a purely relative idea for a positive one. The great bugbear "realism" terrifies him exceedingly, and he talks of those who "descend at once from the regions of Art into the abysses of Realism, and instead of exalting humanity, degrade it." All this is very lax. Those new school-phrases, "idealism" and "realism," of which we hear so much nowadays, have no dialectical force unless they are correctly used. Realism is no quality to be weighed or measured, like rhythm in poetry or colour in painting; it depends purely upon the relation of the object to nature on the one hand, and to other objects of the same class on the other. Giotto is a very realistic painter if we compare him with Cimabue; but he seems hyperidealistic if he be confronted with nature and reality. But Mr. Haden in the passage we have quoted commits a graver error than is contained in

conceiving realism to be a positive quality; he considers it relatively as a defect. That this is merely a confusion of thought with him is plainly seen by the fact that his own works take their meritorious position on the ground that they are more realistic—more true, that is to say, and simple—than other works of the kind. A writer or an artist is said to belong to the realistic school in these days when he makes a study of nature less adorned and more exact than that of his neighbours; and, rightly viewed, this is precisely what every good artist has done since the world began. A more earnest grip of nature, a more scholarly knowledge of the outer or the inner world, a refusal to comply with conventional rules and meaningless laws—these are the qualities by which every great artist has come to the front of his own profession. Mr. Haden should compare one of Goltzius's ideal groups of nymph and shepherd with his own favourite Rembrandt, "The Mill," and ask himself what it is that gives the latter its superior charm and worth. It is the realism of treatment, the superlative knowledge which gives every length of woodwork its just importance and correct position, the absolute truth of all the work from the tiny details of the cottage window to the vast stretch of the horizon. To say, as Mr. Haden does, that realism in art tends to make the artificial-flower-maker the greatest of artists, is to lose the just meaning of words, and to beat the air with an edgeless sarcasm. Realism is not the bodily reproduction of objects, but the representation of objects in an artistic medium with the utmost possible truth of impression. No more intelligent observation on the worth of this kind of truth can be made than by Mr. Haden himself when, in another part of this volume, he recapitulates the points of interest in the well-known portrait of Rembrandt's mother:—

The finely-drawn mouth, full of shrewd experience and ironical humour—the puckering inward of the upper lip—the flaccidity of the soft parts of the face as they hang from their attachments above, or lie loosely on the flattened bones beneath—the half-drooping, half-corrugated, lid (sign of vigour in age) just disclosing, and that with surprising archness, the small grey iris—the arching upwards in expressive folds of the brow on the same side—the age of the forehead—the minute point (marvel of observation in an artist who had enjoyed none of the benefits of academic teaching) of the end of the right nasal bone over which the fleshy part of the nose has slightly sunk, and the consequent want of symmetry between the two sides of the nose itself—and lastly the intelligent establishment of the places which compose the head, and the attribute of expression which pervades the whole.

If this is not realism, and of the healthiest and most artistic sort, we know not what is.

The slight critical notes on etchers and painter-engravers among the old masters are piquant and often valuable. There is plenty of the author's individuality in his criticism, and he looks at the past with the same fiery glance with which he regards the present. Poor Abraham Bosse, a French artist of the seventeenth century, in order to make his etched line as much as possible like an engraved one, invented special etching-needles, and was therefore, "I dare say, a time-server." We seem to remember, in former lucubrations of Mr. Haden's, strong denunciations of Marc Antonio; these are now tempered down to the denial of any but negative merits in his work. This opinion, however, is accompanied and partly justified by some very acute and admirable remarks on the practice of the great Italian engraver. The notes on Wenceslas Hollar have the same value, as a personal expression of the critic; it was, however, needless to say of Hollar, "He died in prison, of course," since this is far from certain. Without doubt, the death of Hollar in extreme indigence is to be laid, with the similar deaths of Otway and Butler, at the door of the insensibility of the Restoration; but there is some reason to believe that Hollar's last hours were relieved, and that he died in his own house. Among his notes on Méryon Mr. Haden tells a characteristic anecdote which is well worthy of preservation:—

One day, though I knew the difficulty of approaching him, I went to see Méryon. I found him in a little room, high up on Montmartre, scrupulously clean and orderly; a bed in one corner, a printing-press in another, a single chair and small table in another, and in the fourth an easel with a plate pinned against it, on which (*sic*) he was standing at work. He did not resent my visit; but, with a courtesy quite natural, offered me, and apologized for, the single chair, and at once began to discuss the resources and charms of Etching. He was also good enough to allow me to take away with me a few impressions of his work, for which, while his back was turned, I was scrupulous to leave upon the table what I was sure was more than the dealers would have given for them; and so we parted, the best of friends. But what followed showed how, even then, his mind was unlinged. I had walked fully two miles in the direction of Paris, and was entering a shop in the Rue de Richelieu, when I became aware that Méryon, much agitated, was following me. He said he must have back the proofs I had bought of him; that they were of a nature to compromise him, and that from what he knew of "the Etched work which I called my own," he was determined I should not take them to England with me! I, of course, gave them back to him, and he went his way; and it was not till after his death that I became aware that about this time he had written to the editor of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* to caution him against being taken in by me, and to impart to him the conviction that the plates which I pretended to have done were not done by me at all, or even in that century; but that, doubtless, I had discovered, and bought them, and signed, and adopted them as my own!

As a typical specimen of the practice of etching, Mr. Haden has prefixed as a frontispiece to this volume a new work of his own. It is one of the sylvan river-side studies for which he has become so famous; but we cannot say that we think his selection of this particular specimen very happy for the purpose in view. We look up the stream of the Somme, which curves rather suddenly out of sight behind a bank of earth, the front side of which

* *About Etching.* By Mr. Seymour Haden. London: The Fine Art Society.

is hollowed out by flood. The background consists of a low, picturesque farmhouse, with a poplar and an elm behind it. On the bank already described the bases of two trees are seen. The etching has great merit in the treatment of substance; the water is very liquid, the bank very solid, the foliage light and fresh. But something is wanting in atmosphere that is supplied in Mr. Haden's more masterly etchings; while the one great fault that immediately catches the eye is that the tone of deep shadow in the bank close by is the same, or almost the same, as that of the roof of the farmhouse, although the latter is distant, and touched obliquely by the sun, so that the relative distance of the parts of the etching is lost. Moreover, the immediate foreground has that sudden fall which Mr. Haden seldom contrives to escape, and which seems to us to be the besetting fault of his work altogether.

MONSIEUR LOVE.*

MISS COXON must, we fear, plead guilty to the grievous reproach of being a very young writer. In the first place, she says that a man of twenty-nine who fancies his heart is thoroughly worn out may find to his own cost that he has made a great mistake. It is clear that, in selecting the age of twenty-nine, she goes as far as she dares without exposing herself to the risk of becoming ridiculous. Had she said a man of thirty, the absurdity would indeed have been too great; for what has a man at that advanced age to do with even the remnants of a heart? In the second place, she represents an old grandmother, who fell in love about the time of the battle of Waterloo, as saying to a man at least six years ago, "Thackeray belongs to my time more than to yours; you must have been in knickerbockers when he died; so does Dickens." It is pleasant to find that a generation of writers has arisen who reckon Thackeray and Dickens as belonging to the time of their grand-parents. To some of us it does not seem so very long ago that these venerable authors were still bringing out their monthly sheets. The third proof of our author's youthfulness we find in the winding up of her plot. She kills off her hero, buries him in Brompton Cemetery, and consigns her heroine to perpetual maidenhood. Young writers pay but little regard to human life. They set up their heroic characters as a child sets up his ninetins, merely for the pleasure of knocking them down. We ought perhaps to feel very grateful to Miss Coxon that she has not killed off Victoire Treherne as well as Frank Lyndon. She was tempted, no doubt, sorely tempted, to bury her in Brompton Cemetery, by the side of her lover, but she has had strength of mind to keep her alive to the end. As the story closes almost in the present year, and as Victoire can scarcely be four-and-twenty, we may hope that long before she reaches the dreadful age of twenty-nine she will have found comfort and a husband. However, when we take leave of her we are told that, with her "the morning of her life was over, noon had come, and with it the burden and heat of the day." We should feel more sympathy with her in this noon of twenty-three had her lover been worthier of her. He was a very pitiable fellow, indeed—not worth five minutes' regret. He had a wife of his own, and had he behaved to her properly, he might at this time have been on the right side of Brompton Cemetery. *Angina pectoris* does not, at all events in novels, carry off staid old husbands of over thirty years. It was fatal, of course, to him, because, in the mess into which he had got himself, he had really no other course left except to die. He had, moreover, to die suddenly, as the end of the book had been almost reached before he fell ill.

The scene of the story is laid in Cornwall, and everything is done to give it a thoroughly Cornish opening. In the first twelve pages we have Polwhyn, Pentreath, Penlash, Treherne, Tremeneere, and Tredehith. Even the landlord of the village inn is named Cornish. The heroine, her grandmother, and uncle sit down to a Cornish tea, "a meal," we are told, "fearful and wonderful to those who dread dyspepsia, delightful to the happier mortals in whose ears indigestion is as yet an idle word." It is curious how most of the outlying parts of England boast of the vastness of their meals. We doubt, however, whether any other district but Cornwall could produce a heroine and an aged lady who, even with the help of a country squire, could get through such a meal as the following:—

The comestibles included a rosy ham, home-cured, a cold chicken, greenly adorned with parsley, a dish of junket, a large bowl of clotted cream, a huge saffron cake, and that most marvellous specimen of Cornish cookery, a smoking dish of heavy cake, which delicacy, when cut open, spread with honey and cream, and closed again in a sandwich, is a thing that a Londoner can only shudder at, but which a west-countryman or woman devours wholesomely with a placid contempt for the poor creatures who cannot follow their example; besides the tea, there stood by the side of Mr. Treherne's plate, a large jug of cider.

The Cornish gentlemen are worthy of the Cornish tea. The cider-loving squire was "a noble example of those Cornish gentlemen who inherit their straight features, tawny hair, and sea-blue eyes from Elizabethan heroes, and gallant, reckless cavaliers." No less worthy is the scenery, which "has a charm and wildness of beauty unknown to the inland counties, or even to fruitful Kent." In the midst of such scenery, in the presence of such a gentleman, and eating such a tea—heavy cake, honey, cream, and all—we make the acquaintance of the heroine. She was very pretty—of that there can be no doubt. Whether her nose was Cornish or not we cannot pretend to decide. At all events, it was slightly unclassical.

* *Monsieur Love*. By Ethel Coxon. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1879.

The hero's, on the contrary, was almost Grecian in its perfection, and so was his chin. He, too, on the mother's side at least, was Cornish. In the first volume Victoire had soft, yet crisp, waves of black hair. In the second volume she had bronze ripples of hair. The change seems a little puzzling, till we remember that when her hair was black she was in Cornwall, and when it was bronze she was in London. Prolonged absence from a Cornish tea will no doubt, like grief, change the colour of the hair. It was unfortunate that it was before the Cornish tea, and not after it, that the hero and heroine first met. After such a meal she could never have excited his admiration by going through the part of the Duchess of Malfi with fierce passion. She would have been forced to take a nap, or at the most to saunter very slowly along. But as it was before tea she could give full play to her powers. Lyndon was an actor out on a fishing excursion. He had chanced to come into the wood whither she used to steal away to act unseen her favourite characters. After he had watched her for a time, he came out from his hiding-place. He became acquainted with her uncle, and was welcomed by the grandmother as the grandson of an old lover of hers. Neither of them ever thought that the young people—young is hardly the word, as Lyndon was twenty-nine—would become intimate. It was believed by them both that Victoire was attached to her cousin Raymond Marchant. The intimacy, however, ripened, as Lyndon gave her daily lessons in acting. It is very clear to the reader that she has fallen in love with him, and he with her. But there is some obstacle in the way which keeps him from proposing, at which for a time we can only guess. He receives a mysterious letter, not written in the best taste, about an actress called *La belle St. Claire*. He first damns the lady, and then answers his correspondent, in a letter that is in still worse taste. After such a letter as that it is absurd for the author to expect that we shall join with the heroine in dropping a tear over the writer's grave in Brompton Cemetery. The fellow, perhaps, did not deserve burying. At all events he would have been all the better for a sound whipping. This Miss St. Claire is his wife, with whom he had quarrelled. He had been very fond of her, and she still was very fond of him. But she had provoked him by her thoughtlessness, and was too proud to own her mistake and her love. So they had been separated for many years.

Lyndon has honesty enough about him to leave Cornwall without making any proposal to the heroine. She, of course, cannot understand his reserve. She is invited up to town for her first season. She goes to a ball. The style and fashion of her attire will be at once understood by our lady readers when we tell them that she wore creamy drapery, and a white, soft, and sheeny dress, which was also shimmering. It was at this party that we first learn that her black hair had turned into bronze ripples. Lyndon had contrived to get invited to the same party, and their former intimacy was renewed. About this time his wife was going to start on an acting tour in America. His marriage was not generally known, and with her out of the country he felt that he ran less chance of being detected if he should pay still greater attentions to Victoire. Happily for his honour—all that was left of it, that is to say—his wife fell ill of typhoid fever, and so could not leave the country. This, by the way, is the second case of typhoid fever that we have come across in a novel in the last few weeks. Nevertheless, even in spite of the fever, the hero might have attempted to marry the heroine had he not, just at the very turn of fate, chanced to open a book at a very important passage, and to hear at the same time a young lady—a Cornish young lady, for she was a *Pentreath*—sing:—

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

This decided him. He owned the whole truth to the heroine, and they parted. Three years later she again went up to London, and saw him act. He saw her, and acted, so to say, at her. The result was an attack of *angina pectoris*. He was carried off to the green-room, and she went to see him. He knew he was dying, and asked her for a kiss:—

She bent down and laid her lips to his in one long full kiss. The supreme moment of her life held her in its might, her soul was filled with an awful intense joy, darkened by the shadow of the great sorrow already standing on the threshold. Love stronger than death supported her as her lips clave to Frank's in the sacrament kiss of a long farewell.

This passage reads very finely; but we do not know whether it has any particular sense in it. The judicious and respectable reader will feel that the proper course would have been to send for Mrs. Lyndon. However, the two ladies do in the end meet, and become very good friends. We cannot but feel somewhat indignant that the author should not have done better by Victoire. She is really a very charming young lady, in spite of the change in the colour of her hair, and deserved a hero all to herself. Surely it would have been very easy either to kill off Mrs. Lyndon, and so marry her to her first lover; or to have kept two heroes running, as it were, at the same time. It was clearly impossible that she should marry such a prig as her cousin Raymond; but amidst all the Cornish gentlemen—the Pens, the Pols, and the Tres—with their straight features, tawny hair, and sea-blue eyes, a lover might have been found. If nothing better could have been done for her, the prig might have been fed for six months, morning, noon, and night, on nothing but Cornish teas. Out of him at last by such a diet a man could have been made. An old physician used to say that he could make any man a coward were he allowed to diet him for six weeks together.

In like manner, we are confident that a Cornish tea, if taken long enough, would turn even a Londoner into a hero, unless it happened to kill him off in the operation. Should Miss Coxon try her hand at a second story, we venture to place this recipe for the manufacture of a hero at her full and entire disposal.

FARMING FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.*

MR. ARTHUR ROLAND'S place as a farmer is not readily to be fixed either among the large, middling, or small holders, the first and last of whom are commonly regarded as the likeliest to survive the present distress. A man of business in town, he was first led to interest himself practically in farming by his anxiety to obtain good milk for a delicate wife and young family; and he began operations by looking out for a suitable house in the country, with enough grass-land attached to it to keep his household in farm produce and leave a surplus for sale. He found what he required within easy reach by rail, and a daily drive of three miles and a half to and from the station; invested in thirty acres of grass-land, a cross-bred cow, some fowls, and a couple of young pigs; and from these humble beginnings, with the help of an active bailiff, and a shrewd combination of theoretical knowledge with experimental, discovered in the course of two or three years that he had not only saved doctor's bills, and gained the advantage of fresh air and exercise, but was prospering in the work to which he had laid his hand. His first success appears to have been in the economical feeding of pigs, by which in a couple of years he had stored a sufficient heap of manure to enable him to take in hand a hop-garden of five acres which belonged to his taking (fifty-five acres in all) and dress it without the outlay of a penny. He proceeded to try experiments in turnip and cabbage production for Covent Garden market, with the usual depressing results; and though he did better with asparagus, peas (especially shelled peas for an hotel-keeping customer), and choice fruits, he came to the conclusion that the most profitable investment of his labour and capital would be in feeding fat hogs for the pork-butcher, and going in, *pari passu*, for dairy-farming, for sale as well as for home consumption. Mr. Roland's experiences, pleasantly and simply recorded, show that farming may be made remunerative if only a man learns his particular branch of it, studies the utmost practicable economy, and, above all, has sufficient capital to allow of seasonable outlay whilst eschewing waste in ordinary expenditure.

Mr. Roland considers that the success of dairy-farming depends on the proper selection of the best breed for one's soil and pasturage. Going through the list of various breeds, he finds that the Alderney, though it gives little milk, makes, in weight of butter, as much or more return than other breeds that give more milk, besides doing well on poor pasture and inferior park-land; but it is useless for the grazier, and cuts up badly for the butcher. The shorthorn is bad for the dairy, as apt to lay on flesh rather than secrete milk, and is an expensive and large feeder. It is found, however, that a cross between an Alderney and a shorthorn, or an Ayrshire and a shorthorn bull, produces an excellent milch cow. Among other breeds, the Midland longhorns are fair milkers; the Herefords are best for the grazier; Devons and Scotch Kyloes give very rich milk, but little of it; Kerry and Glamorgan cows are good average milkers; but the so-called "Suffolk duns," though ungainly in form, are a desirable dairy breed, as yielding a great quantity of milk in proportion to the food they consume. It will be readily understood that, if the object of the farmer is milk for sale, he should choose breeds which give the largest quantity; if butter and cheese, those, such as the Alderney, &c., which give the richest milk. As to the criteria of a milch cow, Mr. Roland enumerates them without dilating on them, inasmuch as he mostly brings up his own calves, partly from a fear of buying disease, and partly because he has mostly found high-pedigreed and shorthorned cows to be poor milkers and unsafe breeders. He would attach most weight to frequent culling of the stock, so as to weed out indifferent animals, and insists over and over again on the law of dairy-farming that the cow that gives the most milk is not always the best butter cow. For himself, it is evident in every page that he is essentially a butter-farmer, and that, though he is well up in the mysteries of cheese-making, he inclines not a little to old Fuller's opinion that, if other counties are to compete with Cheshire in quantity and quality of cheese, they ought to borrow not only the "kine and dairy-maids, but the ground also, in which surely is some occult excellence" (according to some, the Cheshire salt-springs). Dairy-farming, whether the aim be milk or butter, involves a breed of cows suited to the land and climate, proper buildings, implements, and methods, and efficient, gentle, well-drilled servants; and if these are secured, there is probably a good future for the dairy-farmer, or the mixed dairyman and feeder. The arable farmer, combining dairy-farming with his tillage, may perhaps adopt advantageously the house-feeding system for his milch cows with a view to the increased production of milk of the finest quality, while the amount of manure thus made adds to the fertility of the farm; but Mr. Roland, though he had no arable land, found that he also could utilize the principle of house-feeding by saving his hay and devoting

to it thirty acres, with only a reserve of two or three acres near the house for his few head of cattle to run in. In Cheshire, where cheese is the chief produce, cows are stalled from November to May, with a few hours a day for air and exercise; while in Gloucestershire ordinarily the sustenance of the cows, winter and summer, is grass and hay. Our author seems to have compared the Leicestershire, Dorsetshire, and Scotch systems of feeding, and to have come to the conclusion that of the two modes of dairy-farming—namely, on hay or grass, the product of the meadows, and on the mixed arable and dairy plan—the first is calculated to ensure a superior quality of butter and cheese, whilst the second may be better where only milk is sought to be produced. The third chapter, on dairy management, is full of hints to the novice as to the aspect, coolness, and cleanliness of the buildings. For churning Mr. Roland prefers the old barrel-churn to the box-churn, or any of its modifications.

He discusses impartially the question of the produce to be aimed at by the dairy-farmer—whether the sale of milk alone, butter-making, or cheese-making. He regards the first as the most profitable, though he objects to it as lumbering and risky, while the third he eschews as a most dubious speculation in the face of American competition, and of the fact that the profits are less than those on butter when the expenses are deducted. Butter-making recommended itself to him by the advantages of a ready market and cash payments. He drove daily to town with his butter-hamper commodiously packed and stowed, and found it economical in carriage. But doubtless his experience may not agree with that of the Cheshire or Gloucestershire dairy-farmer, where cheese-making is aimed at and the produce commands a comparatively high price. It is, however, instructive to read his observations and to note his modes of ensuring success, whether in the matter of the yield and quality of milk from various cows, or in wisely milking them at home and not afield, and feeding them at milking-time to make the process welcome to them. We observe that he goes in strongly for milking always twice a day with the utmost regularity of time. The process of butter-making, whether from cream alone, or, as in Scotland, from the whole milk, will be found minutely discussed in this chapter; and in Chapter IV. the Cheshire system of cheese-making is discriminated from that of single and double Glosters, from the Leicestershire Stiltons, and from foreign cheeses. It is perhaps worth consideration whether a leaf might not be stolen from the American or Holland system to minimize the expense of manufacturing cheese at home, by making up into cheese the milk of several farms at one dairy-house. The Parmesan cheeses are an eminent product of this clubbed-dairy principle, and Mr. Roland gives a recipe for an imitation of Parmesan at home. An excellent chapter on the yield of milk by cows, and the modes of feeding with an eye to milk and butter, both as to quality and quantity, deserves careful attention; and many useful hints as to correcting the taste of turnips or mangolds in butter will be found in the latter part of the volume. The butter trade in Ireland, too, will be found to furnish wholesome hints. Other chapters go into the questions of calving, of profitable feeding of calves, and the import of calves from Canada and America to England. The last chapter concerns the diseases of cattle. In critical cases Mr. Roland recommends recourse to the "vet.," in lesser matters to the working bailiff. His theoretical knowledge and constant walks amongst his cattle qualify him for the part of consulting physician, at any rate; and it cannot be denied that for an outsider, bred to other pursuits, he has well established his qualifications as a successful dairy-farmer.

Our author's second and shorter volume deals with poultry-keeping—a subject on which so much has been written that our remarks on it may be brief. Nor, indeed, so far as breeds are concerned, do Mr. Roland's remarks appear to us so original, or even well-digested, as what he says of dairy-farming. It is probable that farmers do not pay enough attention to poultry as profitable stock, and that there is room, with care and pains, for the advantageous home production of poultry and eggs, seeing that the importation of the latter since 1875 is found by the Customs' report to have increased more than forty-one per cent. But fowls need looking after, and it would be well if a little wholesome knowledge as to their profitable housing and maintenance in health could be diffused. To this end Mr. Roland does more when he counsels cleanliness, warmth, dry quarters, care, and a dust bath, with plenty of gravel for digestion, than when he retails stories of Cochins China chickens exhibited at Birmingham whose grandparents had been hatched early in the same year, or rings the changes on conflicting opinions of Americans and English as to the veritable origin of the so-called Brahma Pootra. The question with the farmer who admits poultry-keeping to a place in his farm economy, as shrewd observers think the small holder at any rate will have to do, is not so much identification of points and characteristics of different kinds as the selection of really useful kinds, whether as layers or sitters, egg or table-fowl producers. Mr. Roland would recommend lean-to houses, seven feet high at back and five feet in front, divided in two halves, each for a cock and six hens, with its run separated with boards so as to keep the cocks from fighting; and he inclines to recommend as sorts to breed largely the Dorkings and the Black Spanish. The latter are excellent egg-producers, but bad sitters and nurses. The best plan, therefore, is to give the eggs of the Spanish to the Dorking fowls (which are excellent sitters) to nurse, if you want Spanish chickens. One fault in the Spanish is their dark legs, which make them undesirable table-

* *Farming for Pleasure and Profit.* I. Dairy Farming. II. Poultry Keeping. By Arthur Roland. Edited by W. H. Ablett. London: Chapman & Hall, 1879.

fowl. The Dorking is A-1 as a table-fowl, and the best meat-carrier; nor is it so important to be keen about colour, comb, or five toes, as to see to the change of the cock every year, to prevent in-and-in breeding. Cochins will bear confinement better than Dorkings. Among the best sitters Mr. Roland reckons Cochins, Brahmas, Malays, Dorkings, Gamefowls; among non-sitters, Spanish, Hamburgs (all excellent layers), and Polands. Of the French breeds he does not care so much as many do for the Houdans, but gives the preference on the whole to the Crève-cœur, could its tendency to roup in our damp climate be surmounted. The length of limb of the La Flèche is its recommendation as a table-bird, and the Gueldres are popular for their eggs all the year round. The fancy breeds of Bantams and Sebrights, Silky Cochins, and the like are in our opinion mere crotchets, and would better be omitted in a practical treatise. On the poultry-food question Mr. Roland's views are sound and practical. He proceeds on the rule, which is now coming to be recognized by cattle-breeders and feeders also, that cooked food goes further and pays better than uncooked. He thinks oatmeal excellent food for young poultry, and regards Indian corn and buckwheat as, at most, equivalents for wheat. Malt-dust seems to have a flesh-forming property in the case of poultry as well as of pigs and cows. Peas and beans are heating and indigestible, but cooked vegetables, sprinkled with malt-dust, make a capital fowl-food. Much, however, depends on the natural meat diet—snails, worms, insects; much on fresh clear water, and a due supply of green food. Our author has the usual chapter on "diseases of fowls," which is wound up with the self-evident advice never to breed from a fowl that has been diseased. There is also an excellent chapter on the turkey. Ducks, geese, pea-fowl, and guinea-fowl come in for notice from the author, who has some practical acquaintance with them all; but we should hesitate to say that he is as unerring an authority on poultry as on dairy-farming.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE subject of colonization is one which Frenchmen are generally regarded as knowing very little about. As to their own settlements abroad their ignorance, if we may believe M. Paul Gaffarel, is complete; and accordingly he attempts in his new work (1) to remove the causes of that ignorance, and to interest his fellow-countrymen in the history of colonization. Few persons could be better qualified to deal with this subject than the learned author of the *Histoire du Brésil français au XVI^e siècle*, and the editor of Thevet's *Singularitez de la France antarctique*; nor have we been disappointed on reading this account of the French colonies. It is clearly and methodically written, full of details about physical and historical geography, and exhaustive without being unnecessarily long. In his introduction M. Gaffarel endeavours to refute the common opinion that Frenchmen have no natural aptitude for colonization. He very fairly points to the case of Canada, which might still be a French colony had it not been for the deplorable policy of Louis XV. M. Gaffarel's introduction is followed by four divisions treating respectively of the French colonies in Africa, Asia, America, and Polynesia; each of them is preceded by a very complete bibliographical list.

The late Duke de Broglie left behind him several works treating of political subjects, and most of our readers will remember no doubt the annoyance felt by the Imperial Government when the *Vues sur le gouvernement de la France* were announced for publication, and the petty devices employed to suppress it. The volume we have now to notice (2) discusses financial topics, and consists of two distinct parts; the first includes an essay on taxes and loans, and one on free trade; the second is the only fragment which has been discovered of a long work on political economy. The present Duke, who has undertaken the duty of editing his father's papers, adds a preface in which he explains both the character of the various essays collected, and the nature of some of the views put forth. The two introductory disquisitions were the result of certain special circumstances, and they retain traces of their origin; but they still have a general importance, because principles are the same under whatever form of government the questions of taxes and commerce are examined, and the difference exists only in their application. Thus the financial discussions which took place in the Legislative Assembly of 1850 were renewed in 1871, and it is more than likely that they will be brought forward again at no distant period. The author's fragmentary introduction to the science of political economy is chiefly taken up with explanations of the objects of the science and definitions of its leading terms.

Mme. Salis Schwabe, an old friend of Mr. Cobden, has collected and printed a certain number of letters and other documents (3), either written by or referring to him. They possess the interest which everything connected with Mr. Cobden may be expected to have. In a preface, M. de Molinari, corresponding member of the French Académie des Sciences morales et politiques, states the principles of Free-trade as opposed to the Protectionist system,

and shows the amount of progress it has made throughout the world. The profits derived from the sale of the volume are destined to found an exhibition in the international school established in 1872 at Naples by Signor Scialoja, then Minister of Public Instruction.

George Sand's reputation, it need hardly be said, rests not only on her extraordinary talent as a writer, but on her political and social doctrines. In her earliest novels, *Lélia*, *Jacques*, and *Indiana*, she discussed the question of marriage, and was, partly from her own sad experience, led to deal with an institution which forms the keystone of society. By degrees she was induced to examine, under the influence of Lamennais and Pierre Leroux, the problems of capital and labour, the position of the working classes, and the political constitution of society. This epoch in her life, marked by her connexion with the *Revue indépendante*, was signalized by the publication of a considerable number of pamphlets, letters, and addresses, which are now published in a duodecimo volume under the title *Questions politiques et sociales* (4). 1843 and 1870 are the two extreme dates between which these various papers were composed; and the reader who studies the book with attention cannot fail to notice the care with which she endeavours to inculcate upon both rich and poor the duty of moderation. Her great object is to show that what M. Romieu called the "Spectre Rouge" is nothing but a spectre, and that society must be transformed gradually, without any appeal to arms. She had written this before the terrible outbreak of the Commune.

The two bulky volumes for which we are indebted to M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu are the second edition of a work published in 1876, and which obtained an amount of popularity seldom realized by treatises of so strictly scientific a character (5). The first volume treats of the public revenue in all its branches, and contains a number of historical details which are full of interest even to persons who are not financiers or political economists; thus the Property-tax, the Stamp-tax, and the Post Office administration are traced back to their origin, and comparisons are made between the system adopted in France and those which obtain in other countries. The second volume, which is devoted to a discussion of the Budget, public credit, loans, &c., is also full of historical details, and the financial position of France during the Restoration, the reign of Louis Philippe, and the Empire is examined in the most exhaustive and interesting manner.

The pretended miracles of Lourdes and La Salette have suggested to Father de Bonniot (6) a volume which shows considerable acquaintance with medical science, metaphysics, and psychology. We say nothing as to the conclusions which he draws with respect to the authenticity of the Lourdes wonders. It is easier to agree with him when he acknowledges very readily that theologians are, for the most part, wofully ignorant of even the general laws of medical science, and advises them to imitate in this respect the scholastic doctors, who, within the narrow limits to which they were necessarily confined, neglected none of the branches of human knowledge.

The lovers of old French literature are much indebted to MM. Lemerre and Didot for the beautiful editions they have published of mediæval and Renaissance authors. We have already drawn the attention of our readers to the annotated reprints of Bonaventure Desperiers, Agrippa d'Aubigné, and Ragnier, which form part of M. Lemerre's collections; the *Heptaméron* of Margaret of Navarre (7) is now added to the series. M. France, who has done much excellent work as a critic and commentator, gives us a very good biographical sketch of the Queen of Navarre, describing the part she took in the Reformation movement, showing her, on the one hand, encouraging Briçonnet, Farel, and Roussel in their bold attacks on the Church of Rome, and on the other, bestowing her patronage upon the *beaux esprits* of the sixteenth century; her religious fervour did not prevent her from enjoying the tales of Boccaccio, and the *Heptaméron* reproduces only too faithfully the licentious style of the Italian novelist. We must bear in mind that priests and monks are the *dramatis personæ* of most of the stories, and the promoters of the new faith might deem that one of the safest ways of damaging the Church of Rome was to represent the clergy, whether secular or regular, as giving the example of every kind of dissoluteness. The volume now before us only comes down to the end of the second day's series of entertainments; it is illustrated with a portrait of Margaret. The notes at the end are by M. F. Dillaye.

M. Paulin Paris has prepared for Messrs. Didot (8) a beautiful edition of William, Archbishop of Tyre's, History of the Crusades. Geoffroy de Villehardouin was the earliest layman who bethought himself of recording the great military exodus which had originated with the desire of rescuing Jerusalem from the infidels. We know the literary merits of the *Chronique de Constantinople*, but are less familiar with the works of William of Tyre and his continuators. The classification of all these narratives is somewhat difficult, but M. Paulin Paris has made it sufficiently clear

(4) *George Sand. Questions politiques et sociales.* Paris: Lévy.

(5) *Traité de la science des finances.* Par Paul Leroy-Beaulieu. Paris: Guillaumin.

(6) *Le miracle et les sciences médicales.* Par le P. de Bonniot, S.J. Paris: Didier.

(7) *L'Heptaméron des nouvelles de Marguerite d'Angoulême, royne de Navarre.* Notice par A. France. Vol. 1. Paris: Lemerre.

(8) *Guillaume de Tyr et ses continuateurs.* Texte français du XIII^e siècle. Revu et annoté par M. Paulin Paris, membre de l'Institut. Paris: Didot.

(1) *Les Colonies françaises.* Par Paul Gaffarel. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(2) *Le libre échange et l'impôt. Etudes d'économie politique.* Par le feu Duc de Broglie. Publiées par son Fils. Paris: Lévy.

(3) *Richard Cobden, notes sur ses voyages, correspondances et souvenirs.* Recueillies par Mme. Salis Schwabe. Paris: Guillaumin.

in his exhaustive preface, in which, condensing the facts elaborately given by M. de Mas Latrie (in the introductory disquisition to the chronicles of Ernoul and of Bernard the Treasurer), he traces from the very beginning the history of the famous *Roman d'Eracle*. We have thus now before us an elegant, accurate, and comparatively cheap edition of the Archbishop of Tyre's history in the French thirteenth-century translation, which is generally supposed to be Bernard the Treasurer's performance. The text published in the sumptuous *Recueil des historiens des Croisades* has been corrected and revised throughout with the help of two MSS. belonging to the late M. Didot's private collection, special care being bestowed upon the spelling. The footnotes are numerous, and M. Paris has added a good glossary; nor should we forget to mention the elegant maps drawn by M. Auguste Longnon, who had illustrated in the same manner M. N. de Wailly's editions of Villehardouin and Joinville. The pictorial embellishments, head and tail pieces, are borrowed from old MSS. of the *Roman d'Eracle*.

The history of the work of which a translation has just been published by M. Eugène Muller (9) is rather curious. Fernand Columbus, second son of the illustrious admiral, was somewhat advanced in age when he composed a biographical memoir of his father. This volume, written in Spanish, passed, in the first place, into the hands of Don Luis, the author's grandnephew, who either lent or gave it to a Genoese nobleman, Valiano di Fornari. Struck by the merits of the biography, and full of enthusiasm for the hero whose discoveries had conferred so much glory upon Genoa, Fornari went to Venice for the purpose of publishing at the Aldine presses three simultaneous editions of the work—namely, the Spanish original, a Latin version, and one in Italian. In some unaccountable way the text of Fernand Columbus was lost, the project of issuing a Latin translation was abandoned, and an Italian rendering, by Alfonso Ullon, appeared alone in 1571. It is this version which has ever since taken the place of the original, and from it was prepared a slovenly French translation, signed C. Cotelendy, and published in 1681 by Barbin and Ballard. The library of travels and adventures which M. Maurice Dreyfous has undertaken was a fitting medium for a new edition of the biography of Christopher Columbus; a new reprint of Cotelendy would, however, have been worse than useless, and accordingly M. Eugène Muller undertook to grapple with Alfonso Ullon's Italian version, which he has done very successfully. His work, illustrated with a few foot-notes, is one of the best in the collection to which it belongs.

M. Xavier Raymond (10) is not far wrong when he says in his preface that the history of the episode of the retreat of Laguna, besides its historical importance, has all the romantic interest of a novel of Cooper or Mayne Reid. The first edition of the work was published about ten years ago by the author, M. d'Escagnolle Taunay, then a superior officer in the Brazilian army, and actively employed in the expedition. The edition before us is a reprint, in the strictest sense of the word, and forms an excellent complement to the works of MM. d'Ursel, de Robiano, Soutain, and Leclercq, on North and South America. The account of the affair of Laguna takes us back to the war between Paraguay and Brazil, which began in 1864 and lasted nearly five years. Retreats are always an interesting part of military literature, because they afford signal opportunities for the display of skill, endurance, and personal bravery. Xenophon's reputation as a captain owes its origin to his march back to Greece through Asia Minor; and, if we may compare great things with small, the recent narrative by M. d'Escagnolle Taunay deserves also a place in history.

The third volume of M. Louis Blanc's *feuilletons* on England has recently been published (11), and contains the same variety of articles as the two previous ones. Between the Balaklava charge and the death of Thackeray events and personages of every kind occupied in their turn the attention of English newspaper readers; and so it is that Bishop Colenso, Mr. Roebuck, Lord Lyndhurst, and Archbishop Whately are enshrined in the French journalist's reminiscences side by side with Jem Mace and the "Benicia Boy."

The volume of sketches for which we have to thank M. Léonce Dupont (12) has no pretensions of a scientific and political kind; it attempts to discuss neither the antiquities of the countries visited nor their institutions; it is merely a collection of amusing and agreeably written *impressions de voyage* originally contributed, we believe, as *feuilletons* to the *Gaulois* newspaper, and forming no less than four different series. The first, addressed to a lady, describes the province or district of Bigorre in the Pyrenees, and contains anecdotes of Marshal Niel, the Emperor Napoleon III., and other illustrious invalids whom the waters of Bagnères either cured or ought to have cured. The second takes us to Agenais near the frontiers of Gascony, and is inscribed to Fervacques, the sporting correspondent of the *Gaulois*; thence, travelling in a north-eastern direction, we reach a desolate tract of country in the neighbourhood of Paris, so wretched that, were it not for the historical recollections connected with it, we do not think it would repay an hour's visit; and finally, we are carried off to the Bernese Oberland, the Grindelwald, Interlaken, and the Lake of Brienz.

(9) *La vie et les découvertes de Christophe Colomb*. Par Fernand Colomb, son fils. Traduit et annoté par E. Muller. Paris: Dreyfous.

(10) *La retraite de Laguna, épisode de la guerre du Paraguay*. Par A. d'Escagnolle Taunay. Préface de Xavier Raymond. Paris: Plon.

(11) *Dix ans de l'histoire d'Angleterre*. Par Louis Blanc. Vol. III. Paris: Lévy.

(12) *De Paris aux montagnes*. Par Léonce Dupont. Paris: Dentu.

In this part of the volume we are introduced to English tourists; but we doubt very much whether "Miss Mary" ever said "From who could come this rose?" unless she herself came from some pantry or back-kitchen in Bloomsbury or Fleet Street.

Le pays de l'honneur about which General Ambert discourses so eloquently (13) is that *île escarpée et sans bords* referred to by the French poet two centuries ago. The gallant writer's object in the first part of his volume is to defend clerical education against M. Jules Ferry and his colleagues, and to show the services rendered to France during the Franco-Prussian war by the pupils of the Ecole Sainte-Genève, then recently created, and under the direction of the Jesuits. The second part consists of a series of moral reflections and maxims, accompanied by brief commentaries, the idea of which was suggested to General Ambert by the *Oraculo manual y arte de prudentia*, a Spanish volume published in 1639, and which, notwithstanding its obscure and difficult style, soon became very popular.

M. Théry also discourses about military life (14), and his narratives are all the more interesting because they are authentic. The war with Germany forms the groundwork upon which the various characters are sketched; and, side by side with touching scenes illustrating the manners, laws, and customs of the *pays de l'honneur*, we have comic stories, such as that of Captain Nesco, and sad ones, as in the final chapter in the volume.

The charming little volume of M. François Coppée's dramatic works (15) touches, too, upon warlike subjects, and bears the stamp of the events which marked the disastrous years 1870-71. When the catastrophe was over, it struck M. Coppée and his coadjutor M. d'Artois that it might be desirable to stir up patriotic feeling by putting on the stage some grand historical event connected with the wars of invasion, and they selected accordingly the life of Constable Du Guesclin. The drama entitled *La guerre de cent ans* was never performed, for reasons which the authors have not stated, and therefore we know not whether political considerations had anything to do with the fact. But we suspect that, however beautiful the drama may be, it would have met with no success as an acting piece, and that five long acts besides a prologue and an epilogue are a great deal too much even for the most enthusiastic of play-goers. The *Luthier de Crémone* and the *Rendez-vous* complete the volume, together with a prologue delivered at the literary and musical *matinées* of the Gaité Théâtre in 1876.

Under the heading of novels we have but a few items to mention. Mme. Claire de Chandeneux gives us a couple of volumes (16) which show that she has lost nothing of her dramatic talent. *La croix de Monguerre* especially will please those who are fond of tragic and sensational incidents. The note of interrogation which follows the title of the other novel gives a clue to its purport; it is the story of a young lady whom a designing woman attempts to represent as mad with the view of obtaining her fortune.

Saygé's *Mémoires de la tante Gertrude* (17) unfold the progress of a French quiet life, and we only hope that many realities are to be found on the other side of the Channel of which this volume is a counterfeit presentment.

The vicissitudes of an artist's career in Paris during the Second Empire (18) are amusingly described in M. Cadol's *La Diva*. Whether Monseigneur Le Fauve, Louis Skébel, and Adrienne are real characters or not is more than we can guess, although we find them associated with Ranc, Delescluze, and other well-known political personages.

The *Bibliothèque universelle* in its September number (19) reveals to us the existence of a Huguenot poet who lived during the second half of the sixteenth century, and whose works till quite recently were completely unknown. David Jossier, a contemporary of Margaret of Navarre, evidently deserves the posthumous reputation which M. Godet claims on his behalf, not so much as a man of genius, but as a clever disciple of the Ronsard school.

(13) *Le pays de l'honneur*. Par le Général Ambert. Paris: Dentu.

(14) *Sous l'uniforme*. Par Edmond Théry. Paris: Lévy.

(15) *Théâtre de François Coppée*. Paris: Lemerre.

(16) *Folle ?* Par Claire de Chandeneux. Paris: Didier. *La croix de Monguerre*. Par la même. Paris: Plon.

(17) *Saygé; mémoires de la tante Gertrude*. Paris: Lévy.

(18) *La Diva*. Par E. Cadol. Paris: Lévy.

(19) *Bibliothèque universelle et Revue suisse*. Septembre 1879. Lausanne: Bridel.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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QUEEN'S COLLEGES, IRELAND.—The PROFESSORSHIP OF CHEMISTRY in the Queen's College, Belfast, being about to become Vacant, Candidates for that Office are requested to forward their Testimonials to the UNDER-SECRETARY, Dublin Castle, on or before October 15, 1879, in order that the same may be submitted to His Grace the Lord-Lieutenant. The Candidate who may be selected for the above Professorship will have to enter upon his duties forthwith.
Dublin Castle, September 29, 1879.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC (M.B.) EXAMINATION.—Instruction is given in all the subjects of the above Examination, at GUY'S HOSPITAL, during the Winter and Summer Sessions. The Class is not confined to Students of the Hospital.—For further particulars apply to the DEAN, GUY'S HOSPITAL, Southwark, S.E.

ROYAL SCHOOL of MINES.—Professor FRANKLAND, D.C.L., F.R.S., will commence a COURSE of FORTY LECTURES on INORGANIC CHEMISTRY, on Monday next, October 6, 1879, at Ten o'clock, A.M., to be continued on each succeeding Wednesday, Friday, and Monday at the same hour. Fee for the Course, £4; for Laboratory Practice for Three Months, £12.
Professor HUXLEY, LL.D., F.R.S., will commence a COURSE of EIGHTY LECTURES on BIOLOGY or NATURAL HISTORY (including Palæontology), on Monday next, October 6, at Ten o'clock, A.M., to be continued on every Wednesday, except Saturday, at the same hour. Fee for the Course, £4; for Laboratory Practice, £5.
Professor GODFREY, M.A., will commence a COURSE of THIRTY-SIX LECTURES on APPLIED MECHANICS, on Monday next, October 6, at Ten o'clock, A.M., to be continued on every Wednesday, except Saturday, at the same hour. Fee for the Course, £5.
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F. W. RUDLER, Registrar.

DURHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—KING'S SCHOLARSHIPS.—The Examination of Candidates for the KING'S SCHOLARSHIPS will take place in the Chapter Room, on Tuesday, November 18, 1879, at Nine, A.M., when FOUR SCHOLARSHIPS will be appointed to supply the present Vacancies.
These Scholarships (Eighteen in number) are of the annual value of nearly £40 (£20 in money, with exemption from Classical Fees), and are tenable at the School for Four Years, to which a Fifth may be added by the Dean.
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Candidates must send in their Names, with certificates of their birth, and statement of circumstances, to Mr. E. PAUL, The College, Durham, on or before Tuesday, November 11.
Further information may be obtained by applying to the
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MATRIFICATION of the UNIVERSITY of LONDON.—January 1880.—A CLASS in all the subjects of this Examination will be held at GUY'S HOSPITAL, commencing Monday, October 13. The Class is not confined to Students of the Hospital.—For particulars, apply to the DEAN, GUY'S HOSPITAL, London, S.E.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, BRISTOL.—The next SESSION will begin on October 8, 1879. The College supplies, for persons of either sex, above the ordinary school age, the means of continuing their studies in Science, Languages, History, and Literature; and particularly in those branches of Applied Science which are employed in the Arts and Manufactures. The Chemical Laboratory is open daily from Ten to Five. Arrangements have been made, in connexion with the Department of Engineering and Surveying, by which Students may spend the six summer months, as Pupils, with various Engineering Firms in and near Bristol. Information with regard to the lodging of Students will be given by the PRINCIPAL, on application through the SECRETARY. Several Scholarships will be competed for early in October. For Prospectus and further information, apply to EDWARD STONE, M.R.C.S., Secretary.

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